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The Week

WHILE news from Spain continues to be obscure and unreliable—particularly that from the fascist rebels—it seems clear that during the week ending October 6 the military advantage lay with the government. Its forces broke through at the strategic town of Maqueda and achieved a success at Oviedo. Numerous reports indicated better discipline, improved equipment and increased effectiveness through centralized command among the loyalist troops. . . . There was a lull, undoubtedly only temporary, in the relations between Japan and China as both countries prepared for a conference in regard to the new set of Japanese demands. Since these demands, not yet officially published, are generally believed to include turning over to Japan five more provinces in Northern China, observers on the spot still consider that a war is the most probable outcome. . . . Following the action of France and the other gold-bloc countries in devaluing their currencies, Italy reduced the gold content of the lira by 40.93 percent. France, as a supplement to her fiscal action, reduced the tariffs on numerous items 15 to 20 percent and abolished existing quotas on about one hundred others. . . . Fascist demonstrations in Paris and London were with difficulty kept under control. . . . From South America came the news that Bolivia and Paraguay may resume their long warfare in the Chaco. . . . Danzig, perennial storm center, came into prominence again as the League of Nations asked Poland to halt the sabotage of the German-inspired Nazis in that city.

POLITICS again dominated the domestic scene last week. President Roosevelt once more repudiated Communist support, and defended his financial policy, in addresses at Syracuse and Pittsburgh. . . . The chances of the Farmer-Labor candidates in Minnesota were brightened when their Democratic opponents withdrew in their favor. . . . Governor Landon was involved in a controversy with the Twentieth Century Fund, whose spokesmen denied that a document he had quoted as one of its official reports was anything more than a tentative draft prepared for a subcommittee, and further stated that a confidence had been violated in making it public. . . . Another in the long series of efforts to prevent public appearances by Socialist and Communist candidates came when Earl Browder was arrested and imprisoned in Terre Haute on the charge of vagrancy. . . . Al Smith took his now familiar walk once more. . . . Cardinal Pacelli, an important Vatican official, embarked for the United States, presumably to see what can be done about putting a muzzle on Father Coughlin. . . . Sporadic strikes among seamen called attention to the danger of another general walkout, which would again center on the Pacific Coast. . . . Seven members of Michigan's Black Legion were convicted of first-degree murder, and four of second-degree. . . . Republicans looked forward eagerly to expected revelations of political pressure by Democrats on Pennsylvania W.P.A. workers and Democrats had the same expectation in regard to coercion of workers in coal and steel by Republican employers. . . . Governor Landon, appealing to the Negro vote which is now important in several Northern states, came out for an anti-lynching law; John D. M. Hamilton continued to follow William Randolph Hearst's lead about the necessity of deporting Communists.

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FRANCE has lost no time in initiating recovery policies on the basis of devaluation. Her hope is to enlarge production and employment while keeping prices down. The Bank of France has reduced the rediscount rate, thus stimulating the use of credit. Government decrees have cut tariffs on numerous articles between 15 and 20 percent, and have abolished more than 100 import quotas. This is only a beginning. A customs commission has been set up to prevent price increases on vital products by slashing import duties whenever the statistics indicate a rising tendency, and another commission will study revision of the whole tariff list. Appeals were made that prices should not be increased on account of devaluation, and were accompanied by warnings that compulsion would be used if necessary. It is clear that the Blum government does not intend to allow wage and salary-earners or *rentiers* to suffer, and that it is encouraging business to profit from the change, not by speculative inflation, but by producing and selling more goods. Devaluation of course gave an immediate stimulus to the export market; the removal of trade barriers should, by increasing imports, yield foreigners the funds with which to buy more French exports. Italy has already followed the example of France. Not the least interesting aspect of the whole affair is that it remained for a Socialist premier to apply the international trade doctrines sanctioned by laissez-faire, after previous governments controlled by private capital had gone far in the opposite direction.

MR. Hearst ought to put one of his sleuths on the trail of the Moscow gold that evidently has found its way into Terre Haute, Indiana. Surely nobody but an agent of the Comintern could have conceived and executed such a brilliant stratagem of propaganda as that which accompanied the campaign visit to that city of Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President, and his traveling companions. These gentlemen, upon descending from their train, were arrested on the absurd charge of vagrancy, with the announced purpose of preventing them from addressing the citizens. Of course the charges did not stand; their cases were dismissed as soon as they reached court. Meanwhile Mr. Browder's speech had been read over the radio by someone else. The following gains for communism resulted: nationwide advertising was given to the candidate and his address, and it is probable that thousands of listeners who would not otherwise have done so tuned in; many Americans, 99 percent of whom are against communism but at least 80 percent of whom believe in free speech, especially for political candidates, were induced for the first time to sympathize with Mr. Browder; suits for false arrest made possible by the incident may net the party chest a substantial gain. We hereby nominate the Terre Haute Chief of Police for the Order of Lenin, and those patriots who publicly approved his course for the Order of the Red Banner.

THE low estate of organized fascism in France and Great Britain was dramatically illustrated by the events of Sunday, October 4. Political speculation in recent months had assumed that devaluation, if it came, would be the signal for a fascist rising in Paris. Colonel Francois de la Rocque's French Social Party—the successor to the fascist and now suppressed Croix de Feu—had attempted to hold a meeting, but police permission had been refused. Their chance to create disturbance would come, however, they thought, when the Communists held their great gathering in the Velodrome on Sunday. The fascists planned to block the entrance, but the five thousand who turned out to do so were several hours too late, early rising workers having been put on guard before dawn. These, with the aid of police and mobile guards, easily put to rout the Colonel's forces here and elsewhere through the city. Approximately 100,000 Communists listened to speeches by their leaders, in which, according to the New York Times correspondent, Mr. P. J. Philip, "not a word was uttered that could be interpreted as seditious or revolutionary." In London Sir Oswald Mosley had planned to parade his Black Shirts through London's East End. But so bitterly hostile were the denizens of these poor districts that hordes of belligerent anti-fascists turned out, determined to block the parade and manhandle Mosley's cohorts. The police, after futile efforts to curb the crowds, told Sir Oswald to call off the parade on the ground that it would be a threat to public order. Ignominy and ridicule were thus heaped upon these little Hitlers in the great Western-European democracies.

IT IS not polite to say "I told you so," but in this instance we insist on being impolite. When American participation in the Olympic games in Germany was under discussion, opponents of taking part argued that to send our athletes over would have a political significance, that the games would be used for propaganda, and that we ought not to sanction the Hitlerites by lending our presence to such an occasion. These arguments were answered in noble tones by the advocates of participation, on the ground that the affair was a sporting one solely, into which political considerations should not enter on one side or the other. The fight for participation was led, and won, by Mr. Avery Brundage, chairman of the American Olympic Committee. Now that it is all over, we find Mr. Brundage speaking in Madison Square Garden on German Day before the American-German Bund, a Nazi organization, and saying, "We can learn much from Germany. We, too, must take steps to arrest the decline of patriotism." With further words of praise for Hitler's regime, Mr. Brundage proved, either that he had had a political interest in the decision before it was made, or that Nazi propaganda had taken effect upon him during the games. His action was a shock to those who had up to now regarded the games as a simon-pure sporting event.

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> Landon Wins Economists. Topeka, Kan.—Governor Alfred M. Landon Wednesday made public a devastating blast on the Social Security Act by the Twentieth Century Fund, a subsidiary of the Filene Foundation, in support of his Milwaukee attack on the law.—*Item sent by the Hearst-owned International News Service to the Hearst-owned New York Daily Mirror.*

THERE is no such thing as the Filene Foundation. The Twentieth Century Fund is not a subsidiary of anything. The "devastating blast" was not an official document of the Twentieth Century Fund. It did not "support" the Landon attack, having been written long before that attack was made. The Twentieth Century Fund does not consist of "economists" and Mr. Landon did not "win" its members. Otherwise, the item is entirely accurate.

A REPORT from a reliable correspondent in Barcelona who, incidentally, is not a Spaniard, confirms the statements in Ralph Bates's article in this issue. This correspondent says that the churches there were used as forts by the fascist troops, and that they had long been prepared for this revolt. Instructions were found telling the organizers of the rebellion always to go first to the priest in a town, and many of the churches were veritable arsenals. In Barcelona almost every church except the cathedral was burned, including seven of artistic importance. But in spite of the burning, the damage was slight, since the militia had been given lists of everything removable of value, and since, the churches being built of stone, only the lower parts were damaged and the fires were not hot enough to reach the windows. Looting has been practically non-existent, a few men having been shot by their comrades for stealing, and the material collected from the churches and houses has been turned over to the head architect of the Musée d'Art des Catalones, Josef Gudiol, for sorting. Artistically valuable pieces will be stored and the rest melted down, if silver, for the treasury, if iron or lead, for war material. Meanwhile expert workmen from the museum are dismantling the cathedral and putting the valuable pieces away for safe keeping. Barcelona's private art collections have not been damaged.

PERSISTENT rumors from the Pacific Coast indicate that employers there are planning a lockout on the waterfront and are hiring and arming guards to enforce it. In Seattle the Waterfront Employers' Association has hired a well known strikebreaker, C. A. "Tanker" Smith, to supply guards for the duration of the lockout, according to The Commonwealth News, and he is said to inform the men he hires that it will last at least four months, that they should shoot to kill and that "there's thirty million dollars' worth of shipping companies and ninety-five million dollars' worth of oil companies backing you up when you kill anybody here." Identical applications for strikebreaking jobs were obtained through the Washington state headquarters of the Republican Party and from Smith's headquarters. It seems probable that the employers are attempting to force trouble at this time—they are always eager to break the growing power of the maritime unions—because of the possibility of making political capital of it by raising the Red scare, and so attempting to prevent President Roosevelt's reëlection. Temporarily the clash has been postponed by the astute maneuvering of the labor and government officials in arranging a fifteen-day extension of the agreement, which expired September 30.

WHEN the Secretary General of the League of Nations refused to publish the Spanish government's protest against foreign aid to the rebels, on the grounds that Spain had not formally applied for intervention by the League, the Spanish delegation itself decided to publish the documents. The first consisted of a note sent to all non-interventionist powers pointing out that the government of Spain is a legally constituted government duly elected by a majority of the people of the country and asking that the embargo on the exportation of arms to this legal government be abolished and that a prohibition against the supplying of war materials to the rebels who are seeking to overthrow that government by military conquest be set up at once. With this note went special ones to Germany, Italy and Portugal accusing these countries in particular of giving aid to the rebels and specifying names, dates and amounts in impressive manner. These notes constitute the most direct evidence yet available of the nature and extent of fascist aid to the rebels and we summarize some of the more important points:

> Militarist leaders from the very start intended to use Portugal as one of their chief bases of supply and evidences of "armed aid" to the rebels have multiplied daily.
>
> Beginning with the arrival of two Junker-52 military planes on August 9 and 10, squadrons of trimotored Junkers subsequently appeared on all fronts, although there were no German planes whatever in the Spanish air force prior to the rebellion. The correspondent of The London Times recorded the arrival of twenty-one Junker planes at Burgos on August 25, and the correspondent of The London News Chronicle reported the arrival of twelve German pursuit planes at Seville on September 24.
>
> Six completely armed Savoia-Marchetti seaplanes were forced to land in Algeria while en route to Spain in July, and later twenty-four Italian planes were unloaded from a ship at Vigo.
>
> An Italian Fiat plane commanded by Air Captain Ernesto Monico was shot down on the Talavera de la Reina front on August 30, and on the pilot's body were found matriculation papers and orders signed by rebel generals. Sergeant Vincente Patriarca, captured alive on the same front, signed an affidavit that he had come from Genoa to Spain with an air squadron, all of whose members were Italians, which was commanded by Italian officers.
>
> Newspaper reports by H. F. Garratt, published in The London Daily Mail and later supported by affi-

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davits, told of the bombing of a Spanish hospital ship by Italian planes on August 31, and the arrival of a squadron of planes completely manned by Italians.

The German steamers "Kamerun" and "Visberg" carried munitions to the rebels. Operating through Portugal, the "Kamerun" discharged her cargo "in the center of Lisbon." She carried "light tanks, dismounted airplanes, bombs and hand grenades" and "motor trucks transported these to Badajoz and Salamanca."

A Judas Kiss for Social Security

FORMER Governor Winant resigned the other day as head of the Social Security Board in order to meet the attacks that are now being made upon the federal law. Governor Winant, himself a Republican, feels that the principle of social security is too important to become a football of politics. Unhappily, his fears have been more than realized. Governor Landon, in his Milwaukee speech, made a violent attack upon the present law and the issue is now in politics up to its neck.

A minor aspect of the controversy is the misuse that was made of material of the Twentieth Century Fund. Governor Landon leaned heavily, in his criticism of the present law, upon what he evidently regarded as a report on this subject prepared by the Fund. It turns out that the report in question was only one of several drafts of a statement written for a subcommittee created by the Fund to study this subject. It had not been accepted even by the subcommittee, still less by the Fund itself. It was, moreover, a secret document and someone violated a confidence—perhaps inadvertently—in releasing it. We are aware of no evidence, however, that Mr. Landon's own good faith is called in question.

Much of the criticism of the old-age-pension plan borrowed by Governor Landon from the Twentieth Century Fund document is entirely legitimate, and has appeared, in substance, in our own pages on more than one occasion. There is no doubt that the law is urgently in need of revision. We shall not discuss these criticisms in detail at present, for two reasons. First, Congress is not in session and no one now knows what the political complexion of the next one will be. Second, we do not believe that Governor Landon, even if he were elected President, and even if he had a free hand, would propose the sort of alterations in the law that we consider necessary.

We are strengthened in this belief by Mr. Landon's attitude on the tremendously important question of unemployment insurance. He of course pays lip-service to the principle, as even the Republican platform has done. But in line with the present "states' rights" attitude of the Republicans, Mr. Landon does not want the federal government interfering in this matter. Let the states experiment with this mysterious and complicated matter, he says in effect. Let them try out various schemes so that the country will be able to discard the less effective. Let the federal government come into the matter, if at all, only in the distant future.

If you assume that unemployment insurance is desirable, this advice is so much nonsense, and if Mr. Landon has made any study of the subject at all, he knows it is nonsense. Unemployment insurance is not some new invention of the year 1935. The United States was almost the last civilized country in the world to undertake protection for the worker against those fluctuations in employment which, in the modern industrialized state, result almost entirely from matters that are beyond his control and have nothing to do with his personal loyalty, energy and efficiency. There is not a country in the world where anything is known about unemployment insurance that would tolerate for a moment the idea of forty-eight various local systems in forty-eight states. There is not a single real authority in this country who believes that such a system would work, and particularly when such a large and increasing segment of American industry is interstate, or indeed nationwide, in its operation.

Even more important than the details of his plan, however, is Mr. Landon's own fundamental attitude toward social security, and that of the group behind him—the group which, if he is elected, will profoundly influence the shaping of legislative policy in the United States. It would be easy, of course, to exaggerate the differences between the two parties; Mr. Landon's own campaign has consisted in great part of promising to do the same things Mr. Roosevelt has done, only better, and with a miraculous combination of vast expenditures and low taxes. The world does move, and the Republican Party moves behind it. We see no evidence, however, that the G.O.P. has yet moved far enough to accept social security in any practicable form.

The minimum essentials for social security are a nationwide plan, federally operated in most of its provisions, supported in large part by substantial taxation derived from industry and large accumulations of wealth. But everyone knows that the Republicans are dedicated to a policy of putting the greatest possible share of the burden on the poor. If they now advocate "states' rights" it is because they correctly assume that control of predatory private capitalism through the states is wellnigh impossible. If they believe the states would be more efficient in this respect than Washington, they would turn federalist again tomorrow. If the plumbing system in your house were out of order, you would hardly summon to repair it a man who all his life had denounced plumbing as an undesirable folderol, or at most, had been willing to concede the wisdom of a separate set of pipes for each room. We believe President Roosevelt was right when he said in his Syracuse speech: "Remember that the first essential of doing a job well is to want to see the job done. Make no mistake about this: the Republican leadership today is not against the way we have done the job. The Republican leadership is against the job being done."

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A New Front in France

A FEW weeks ago, in articles published in L' Humanité and in speeches at workers' meetings, the leaders of the French Communist Party startled France by proposing to replace the People's Front with what was tentatively described as a "French Front." The moment was well chosen. The country had just seen that it was possible to extend the parliamentary majority of the People's Front rightward. Certain of the new laws put forward by the Blum Cabinet had been supported by this larger majority.

The meaning of the slogan "Front Français" and its justification were explained in two important speeches, one by the Communist Senator Marcel Cachin, at Garches, and the other by the secretary of the French Communist Party, Maurice Thorez. In these speeches the Communist leadership made it clear that at the present time the fundamental aim of the Communist Party in France is, more than ever, the unity of the French nation against fascism. In the last election 5,500,000 votes went to the People's Front, while 4,300,000 went to the Right. "We must not," said Thorez, "permit the crystalization of two huge and hostile blocks of Frenchmen, bound to clash in a bloody encounter. We must rally all sincere republicans and exclude from the national community only the fascists." He defined the immediate aims of the French Front in the three following points: strict enforcement of the Republican rights and the recently passed laws of social security; protection of the national standard of living and the small business man by placing the burden of taxation upon the rich; action for the independence and security of the country.

The idea of the French Front, with its nationalistic slant, will seem paradoxical to those who interpret Communist theory as abstract internationalism. But the recognition of national realities is, in the eyes of French Communists, quite consonant with the Marxist-Leninist views that capitalism does not evolve as one single unit, but is divided in sectors of uneven development—these sectors being ultimately the basis for the existence of independent nations; and that finance capital in every nation dominates and exploits the vast majority of the people, extending its rule not only over the proletariat, but also over the middle class.

The Communists feel that the essentially *international* character of fascism and finance capital has been again demonstrated, this time in the most irrefutable fashion, by the recent events in Spain. In France, only a very small minority is directly interested in maintaining this international rule of finance capital. Moreover, during recent months, and especially since the outbreak of the Spanish rebellion, it has become evident that the fascist bourgeoisie in France are acting in complicity with Hitler. Like the feudal nobles at the end of the Middle Ages, the fascists do not hesitate to betray what the Communists consider the most elementary interests of their own nation. After having, through Laval, encouraged Mussolini's Ethiopian venture, and having thus compromised French friendship with Britain, the French reactionaries now openly support Franco's rebellion, although a fascist victory in Spain means a new hostile border for France.

Under these circumstances, a wider section of the French middle classes may be induced to join the French Front, of which the first aim will be to check the most virulent capitalist elements. As these elements form the cornerstone of France's capitalist structure, the new tactics of the French Communist Party imply a step toward socialism.

Apart from these general considerations, there is a series of concrete factors that seem to them to justify the new slogan of the French Communists:

1. National sentiment, far from having lost ground with the French proletariat, has on the contrary been strengthened by the threatening external situation. As the menace comes from countries where labor has been reduced to political and economic slavery, this national sentiment is now bound up with democratic and labor ideology. The Communists believe it is wiser to adapt one's slogans to this ideology than to combat it.

2. The French Front forestalls a similar move from the Right. The fascists, with the help of their less compromised agents, could launch, at an opportune moment, the slogan "Sacred Union" (Union Sacrée) á la 1914. The tactics of the Communists, it is hoped, prevent such a maneuver. A "Sacred Union" under Right domination would lead, in the event of a war, to the outlawing of revolutionary workers' organizations. On the contrary, the French Front would usher in a government similar to the Caballero regime in Spain. The Communists could participate in such a government after having obtained guarantees and tangible gains for the masses. The French Front is also considered the best way of checking Hitler, who bases his hopes on the rapid dissolution of the People's Front and the consequent division of the French nation.

3. "The security of the country" is one of the fundamental conditions of the French Front. This implies strict observance of the pacts of mutual assistance with the Soviets and Czechoslovakia. The defense of the workers' state is thus bound up with the defense of French democracy against fascist encroachments and with the prospect of the revolution in France.

The present war outlook is of course a most important factor in the new orientation. But the Communists deny that the French Front is a new edition of the "sacred union" of 1914, as certain Socialists and the Trotskyite opposition claim. In 1914, the "union sacrée" meant the passive submission of the Labor and Liberal parties to the reactionaries and imperialists. This time the war threat comes from the principal fascist champions of international reaction, who maintain agents in France. This determines the content of the national union proposed by the Communists. In the event of a war, the French Front will outlaw not the revolutionaries but the fascist reactionaries.

4. Finally, the Communists feel that the tremendous gains recently achieved by the working class under the People's Front are constantly threatened by the bourgeoisie, who still wield considerable power.

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They consider that the French reactionaries scored an important victory against the workers by imposing a blockade on the legally constituted Spanish government. The recent strike wave in the textile industry has shown that the employers are sabotaging the application of the new social laws. Prices are rising, workers are being systematically discharged from factories. Should the economic policies of the People's Front fail, the French Front would provide a basis for a new leftist government, would avoid a violent convulsion and would prevent the return to power of the rightists.

The chief resistance to the French Front of course does not come from the Communist militants and sympathizers. To be sure, there is some surprise and hesitation, especially among those who still remember the sectarian tactics of the period before 1914, when the slogan was "class against class." However, the experiences of the People's Front have convinced the Communists that their party must seek to become a living factor in the political life of the country. For the present, the Communists consider that the most determined adversaries of the French Front appear to be the Socialists. In a series of articles in their organ, Le Populaire, and in an official decision of the C.A.P. (Commission Administrative Permanente, the executive board of the French Socialist Party), they have declared that "they are the party of a class, and not of the 'sacred union'." Thus they appear to be more to the Left than the Communists. They reaffirm their loyalty to the People's Front, and to the People's Front alone. The Radical Socialists are less outspoken than the Socialists, but have given a rather lukewarm reception to the idea of the French Front and still reserve their decision. The most serious obstacle to the French Front lies in the division of the leftist parties on foreign policy. The Communists are in favor of an energetic, active foreign policy, which will prevent France from falling in with the plans of the British Tories and Hitler.

The French Cabinet now in power of course pursues a directly opposite policy. Blum's stand on Spanish "neutrality," his negotiations with Schacht (the first trip of the newly appointed governor of the Bank of France, Labeyrie, was not to London, but to Berlin), his eagerness to be friendly with the British Tories who regard with disfavor the socializing tendencies of the People's Front—all this indicates that he has, at least for the time being, decided to remain on the fence.

It would be false, however, to infer that there is in France a conscious "short-view" policy, as opposed to a long-view policy. French neutrality in Spain has been chiefly engineered, not by the leftists, but by the reactionaries who still control the Quai d'Orsay. The slogan that "France should remain an island of peace in a war-torn Europe" is mostly exploited by the fascists, whose pacifism is only a screen for another long-view policy, which aims at enlisting France in an anti-Soviet block.

In any European country, external and internal policies are at present closely bound up. The French Socialists' unwillingness to join the French Front is perhaps explained by their foreign policy. But that policy may in the near future be changed by an internal crisis. Internally, France is far from stable. Two years of the People's Front have put in motion forces that cannot easily be stopped; never before in France have the masses of the workers achieved such a high degree of political awareness as now. The struggle promises to be a bitter one, especially around the new taxation laws, which, if carried out according to the spirit of the People's Front, will deal a heavy blow to the fascist oligarchy. In this coming struggle, the French Front, though still at its initial stage, may be of paramount importance.

Wanted—A Landon Man

THE New Republic some time ago wrote to a large number of distinguished Americans, of a generally progressive outlook, asking them for whom they will vote this year. The letters of those who replied are now appearing serially in our pages. We have been a little disconcerted to find that of all the individuals whom we queried, only one intends to vote for Governor Landon. This gentleman, unfortunately, refuses to permit us to publish his name or the reasons for his choice.

Not wishing to let the matter drop without a really thorough search, we now propose to conduct that search in a characteristic American way. The New Republic hereby offers $5 for the name of an American citizen, of either sex, of recognized intellectual distinction and progressive outlook, who is willing to admit publicly that he intends to vote for Landon and to state his reasons briefly. Self-nominations are not acceptable. The editors will be the arbiters as to whether the conditions have been satisfactorily met. Address "Landon Voter," care of The New Republic, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City.

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John the Giant-Killer

JOHN LLEWELLYN LEWIS is not easy to explain. He is so complex, indeed, that a number of quarreling schools of thought have sprung up around him, as they have around the time-space concept, or the origin of the American Indian. Mr. Lewis is a labor leader of more than twenty years' standing, the president of the United Mine Workers and, until recently, the single most powerful individual in the A.F. of L. At the moment, however, he is at the head of a fast, smashing attempt to unionize the ten million workers of the country's mass industries, as perilous a challenge as labor has ever made to the employing class. The problem is to reconcile this with Mr. Lewis' past.

An old-time A.F. of L. leader, like Mr. Lewis, ought to be a conservative. It seems unnatural to find the president of an A.F. of L. union risking his own position, and his union's resources, in what is likely to be a desperate struggle with the employers of steel, automobiles, rubber, radio and glass. The great organizing campaigns in the past have usually been led by left-wing labor militants—someone, for example, like Mr. William Z. Foster in 1919. Professor John R. Commons and other students of the American labor movement long ago split labor leaders into two types, the business type, exemplified by Mr. Samuel Gompers, and the agitational type, of which the greatest was perhaps Mr. Eugene V. Debs. Seemingly these two types are joined in Mr. Lewis, making him a white blackbird in labor history.

For that matter, it makes him a comparative rarity among human beings. The fact that most labor leaders, once they attain well paid jobs, power and dignity, tend to grow conservative, proves no more than that they are like the rest of us. The refusal of the members of the A.F. of L.'s executive council—with the exception of Mr. David Dubinsky—to support the C.I.O.'s steel-organizing campaign ought to be no more surprising than the fact that Bishop Manning, for example, does not hock the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York and start converting the heathen of the Orient.

One of the current explanations of Mr. Lewis seeks to minimize his extraordinary quality—unsuccessfully, in my opinion. Mr. Lewis is portrayed as belonging to the business type of labor leader, and his present militancy is ascribed chiefly to the fact that he has been cursed, or blessed, by an extremely able, intelligent opposition within the United Mine Workers. Many of these oppositionists have been Socialists, or men with Socialist backgrounds, and, for a number of years, Mr. Lewis fought them with great ruthlessness. However—so this explanation runs—the increasing sickness of the coal industry, and the dwindling membership of the union during the post-war decade, compelled him to recognize the inadequacy of traditional A.F. of L. policies. Under the goading of the oppositionists, he reluctantly became convinced of the necessity, first of government intervention in the coal industry, and second of at least some degree of social planning in the industrial system.

This explanation, then, attempts to show that Mr. Lewis' militancy has been forced on him, against his will, by the anarchy of coal and the pressure of the left-wingers in his union. In support of this theory, it is argued that as late as 1926, when Mr. Lewis published his only book, "American Standards in the Coal Industry," he apparently had implicit faith in the workings of free capitalism. By 1928, however, after continuous intra-union wrangling, he abruptly sponsored a bill in Congress for the rationalization of coal under federal auspices—which was the precise action that the oppositionists had been advocating.

This readiness to accept government intervention in industry, a shift entailing a clear break with the Gompers tradition of the A.F. of L., can also be shown to have been the chief factor leading to Mr. Lewis' present national leadership. It enabled him to sense the full potentialities for labor of the N.R.A., and made him sympathetic to the aims of the New Deal. In return, Mr. Roosevelt adopted him as the principal spokesman for labor, and intrusted him with far-reaching official duties. During the last three and a half years, he has become only a little less celebrated than figures like Shirley Temple and Joe Louis. To the millions of unorganized workers in the mass industries, he has come to stand as their natural champion.

All of this is true, but, at least in my opinion, it is not the whole story. Mr. Lewis learned a great deal of fundamental economics and labor philosophy from the oppositionists, but he did not learn to become a militant. Mr. William Hutcheson or the great majority of the other one hundred and nine A.F. of L. presidents might have had an equally brilliant intra-union opposition, but it is improbable that any of them would have felt impelled to organize the mass industries. Certainly it is misleading to suggest that Mr. Lewis is being driven, either by events or his associates, into the steel-organizing campaign. He is going into it like an Andalusian bull—head down and eyes open.

There is a second explanation of Mr. Lewis, offered by his enemies, of whom he has a notable collection. It is that he is power-crazy. With cynical unanimity, Mr. Lewis' recent colleagues of the A.F. of L.'s executive council and the officers of the American Iron and Steel Institute profess to see

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no other possible motive in his present course. This seems to me vicious nonsense. Mr. Lewis has a very just appreciation of the value of power, and has fought titanic fights to keep the headship of the United Mine Workers. In these fights he used violent and dictatorial tactics that some of his radical opponents cannot forget. But about the last thing that a man solely concerned with power would do would be to take the desperate risks Mr. Lewis is now taking. The steel-organizing campaign is no set-up. Presumably the steel companies cannot defy their employees and the conscience of the country indefinitely, but anyone who supposes that Mr. Eugene Grace, Mr. Ernest Weir or Mr. Tom Girdler means to surrender without a fight, in which they will exert the last ounce of their immense resources, is deluding himself. Mr. Lewis might perhaps be convicted of being a magnificent gambler, but not of having a miserly lust for power.

There is a final explanation of Mr. Lewis, given by the intimate group around him. It is simply that he is an idealist, a man whose life is dedicated to the struggle of the working class. This is a fairly roseate image of Mr. Lewis. He is no Eugene V. Debs, giving away his overcoat to shelterless men on wintry nights, and declaring that always he would stand with the most despised. Nevertheless, I believe it has an important element of truth.

Drawn for The New Republic by Halit

The most obvious fact about Mr. Lewis is that he is a coal miner, and the son of a coal miner. It seems to me equally obvious that the miners, all over the world, occupy a special place in the labor movement—so special, in fact, that the ordinary categories of conservative and radical, into which most of us can be dropped, hardly apply to them. There are many reasons why this should be so, one of which is that mining requires a recklessness and fortitude needed in no other industry. The nature of mining seems to act automatically to sift out the most militant individuals of the working class, much as screens set up at the foot of tipples sift out the best grades of coal. Whether or not this is true, it is a demonstrable fact that the miners are at once the most responsible and the most militant group in the labor movements of many countries.

In Great Britain, from which Mr. Lewis' Welsh forebears came, the National Miners' Federation has led the working class in every social crisis of the last seventy years. It was the first to fight the legal prohibitions against modern unionism, notably in the great Taff Vale case. It precipitated the British general strike of 1926, and fought on long after other unions quit. One of its leaders, Mr. Keir Hardie, created the British Labor Party.

Unionism in the Welsh and Scottish coal-mining areas has a special quality that is part of Mr. Lewis' heritage. It has always been hopelessly tangled up with evangelical religion. Possibly the horrors of the early Welsh coal mines, where half-naked mothers acted as draft animals in the black, suffocating galleries, served to identify unionism with the path to Heaven. In any event, British mine leaders have a wild religiosity about unionism, as anyone who ever heard Mr. A. J. Cook, leader of the 1926 strike, will agree.

John L. Lewis is himself as American as a flung pop-bottle at a baseball game. But this religious bias, the feeling that Heaven is a place where angels all carry union cards, is a part of his birthright. Nearly every formal speech made by Mr. Lewis is studded with Biblical quotations. For example, at the meeting of the state chairmen of Labor's Non-Partisan League in Washington, he wished to describe the disaster to labor that would follow Mr. Roosevelt's defeat. Under a Republican administration, he said, "the voice of labor, like that of Rachel in the wilderness, rising in wails and lamentations and pleas for succor, will be unanswered." This is preacher's talk. Continually there pops up in his speeches an identification between the tribes of the Bible, persecuted but beloved by God, and the men and women of the working class.

Mr. Lewis is class-conscious to a degree relatively uncommon in America. It is something that a child growing up in a coal miner's home must have absorbed intuitively, in the same way that it learned to talk. Because his father took part in a strike, and was afterwards blacklisted by the coal operators, the lesson was terribly underscored for John Lewis. When in 1933 he became a member of the N.R.A.'s Labor Advisory Board, he was thrown for the first time in his life into daily, intimate contact with the heads of American industry. They readily accepted him as a man of astonishing energy and exceptional

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practical wisdom. They endeavored to make him feel that he was one of themselves. Under this friendliness, Mr. Lewis grew increasingly restive. An eyewitness tells of a conference at the N.R.A. headquarters at which Mr. Lewis abruptly got up from his chair, and began to explain, in the slightly ponderous manner he affects for important occasions, the gulf between the business men around him and himself. He was not angry, but he wanted to make clear that all they stood for was wrong, that he had fought against them in the past and intended to do so in the future. When this had had time to sink in, the conference was resumed.

This coal-miner background of Mr. Lewis needs to be considered in deciding whether he belongs to the business or agitational type of labor leader, whether he is a conservative or a militant. He has never been a conservative in the sense that Mr. Gompers was, or that Messrs. Hutcheson, Wharton, Frey and the rest of the majority faction of the A.F. of L. are today. In the post-war decade, Mr. Lewis on a number of occasions made peace with the coal operators north of the Ohio River on terms that were disadvantageous to his followers, and was bitterly criticized by the oppositionists in his union for doing so. But the record shows, I think, that these were strategic truces made necessary by the desperate warfare in progress on other fronts, primarily with the non-union operators of West Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama. Whenever there has been a reasonable chance of making gains for his men, he has fought the mine-owners, and fought with a grim, intolerant joy.

Far from being paradoxical, it seems to me that Mr. Lewis' career forms an exceptionally consistent whole. Shortly after he had become a local officer of the United Mine Workers, he was promoted to be a general organizer for the A.F. of L. He has told his intimates that his great ambition in those days—he was then in his early thirties—was to unionize steel, the same ambition he is now trying to fulfill. It was entirely natural that his imagination should have been caught by steel. The steel companies employed many thousands of coal miners in their captive mines, and their anti-union attitude was an ever present threat to the U.M.W.

Mr. Lewis became president of his union in 1919, when he was thirty-nine. Within two years the coal industry had started on its long, catastrophic slide to bankruptcy, and from then on he was fighting savagely and brilliantly, against union operators, against non-union operators, against reactionary rivals in the union like Mr. Frank Farrington, against radicals like Mr. Alexander Howat and the Progressive Miners' group. During this period, not merely the oppositionists within the union, but almost everyone else in the country, gave him advice. The coal industry was investigated by the government, by scientific bodies, by church foundations and social-work groups. Only the German war guilt has as extensive a modern literature as coal. It can be argued, as the oppositionists argue, that Mr. Lewis moved towards government intervention only after the need for it had been painfully beaten into his head. It can also be argued that he moved the first instant that public opinion had been sufficiently aroused to justify it.

It is worth remarking that, during these years, Mr. Lewis was a careful student of the exhaustive investigations being made into the British coal-mining industry, and the ultimate recommendation for its nationalization. Whether or not because of his heritage, Mr. Lewis apparently has always had an interest in the fortunes of the English miners. It is possible that his familiarity with the achievements of the British Labor Party is one of the reasons why he is now actively supporting the creation of a labor party in this country.

In 1933, with the New Deal, and the triumphant success of the United Mine Workers' organizing campaign in the non-union coal fields, Mr. Lewis found himself for the first time in years without a fight on his hands. Almost at once, he plunged into the task of organizing the workers of the mass industries. It is not necessary to ascribe this to his earlier ambition. He was a member of the N.R.A.'s Labor Advisory Board, and the unions springing up spontaneously in the mass industries turned inevitably to him for help. The rank-and-file steel committee of 1934, and the automobile workers of Detroit, became his special charges. Step by step he was led to his break with the A.F. of L. and the inauguration of the C.I.O.

Probably no true radical of the labor movement could be head of a strong, rich union like the United Mine Workers. Mr. Lewis lives like a conservative labor leader, dresses like one except for his white hat—and most of the time behaves like one. Nevertheless, unlike the rest of us, he cannot easily be crowded into either radical or conservative compartments. He is a coal-miner, and a man of more than natural size. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Drought, W-Hollow: 1936

The buzzards circle in the wind-blue air
Against the molten clouds in sky-piled heap;
The soft-eyed cattle see the buzzards there,
The buzzards watch the wind-light cattle creep . . .
Lean bodies on the sun-parched mountain shoulder,
Brute skeletons loose-covered with dry skin,
Among dead grass, the sourwood sprout, the boulder—
Milk cows with slab sides working out and in.
The honey-bee drinks from the stagnant pool.
The blacksnake drinks the blood from bird and rabbit.
The terrapin is buried where it's cool—
He says: "The need of water is a habit."
"How can we milk-cows bury in creek-bottom mud?"
They ask the cool mud-buried terrapin—
"How can we live—no water for our blood,"
Grass asks the earth, sun, and hot-bellied wind.

JESSE STUART.

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Companero Sagasta Burns a Church

I WAS in a small Pyrenean village, Espot, in the Lérida province, when the militia came up. They were all of them members of the F.A.I., the anarchist organization, fine fellows (and the standard of impossible bravery for the future must be "brave as a Spanish anarchist") and very much aware of their moral superiority. They came overnight in a confiscated motor and billeted themselves on the hotel where I was staying. Within five minutes the words "They're going to burn the saints tomorrow" were on everyone's lips. By morning they had become *"We're* going to burn the saints." And note, in Spain one does not say the "images or statues of the saints," but *saints (los santos* or, in Catalunya, *'els sants).*

It was a grand bonfire. A little technical commission (to which I was elected) stood at one side of the door, passing judgment on the saints as they were carried out. Compañero Sagasta relies on my judgment.

"This one, compañero?"

"Revolting, burn him."

"Very good, compañero."

Poum! The bearers run to the fire and St. Peter throws up a billow of sparks.

"This one, compañero?"

"Absolutely nauseating, pitch her on the fire." (Why do female saints appear to suffer from permanent disorders of the kind proper to their sex?)

"This one?"

"H'm, looks rather old, the carving's direct, probably deserves a second thought."

"Very good." The saint is dumped on his back among the silver-plate candelabra, the books with parchment backs (which may make bindings for schoolbooks), the electric bulbs, the linen good for bandages, and in short, anything that possibly has artistic or secular value.

This not-gaudy candelabra, for instance, when it came out I yelled, "Eh, bring that here."

"It's only iron."

"Only iron, good God, it's pure Catalan work of the fifteenth century; look, no rivets, no clips, everything is welded and drawn under the hammer."

The iconoclasts reverently place the candelabra to one side, reverently I say, for a compañero has said this is art, and feeling out of it, they rush into the church for another trophy.

"Now then, what do you say to this one?" they ask, dragging out a polychrome of the Holy Family. I think Mr. Belloc or Willa Cather would have burned that polychrome.

Going to the hotel for a drink, I asked an old man, knowing him to be a leading Catholic, what he thought of the burning. Restraining his words no doubt, because the F.A.I. were not far off, he answered, "Oh, one dances the way the music plays, señor."

But tell me, if you are stricken with horror and grief and your soul is a flood of tears, does nothing at all show in your face? Do you roll a cigarette and borrow a light from Compañero Sagasta, church-burner?

I went back to the church, where, in the shadows, in the heights of the sanctuary, black figures crawled about the summit of the reredos (roundabout façade of gilt and paste). It took an hour to lever it away from the walls, then with a fierce shout everyone dashed out of the church. The F.A.I. took refuge in the baptistry, where I was smoking. A grinding smash and a column of brown dust shot out over the bonfire, across a field of potatoes, down to the Escrita torrent, coloring the white foam among the stones.

"One might say the church is holy, but one could not say she is clean," the anarchist leader remarked, peeping out through the door chink.

Rain spoiled the bonfire in the end, but all the peasants, cowherds, shepherds, lake fishermen and militiamen sit along the wall and watch it, for hours. Sometimes a man jumps up and kicks a wooden head back into the embers; by and by they are talking of the sheep of Aragon, the traditional wandering flocks which pasture here in summer.

That night on the committee table in the village hall, my hands toyed with a burnt parchment roll. I opened it; it was a marriage deed of 1760, in crabbed, but stately Latin, bartering a bride.

You have to get right into the imagination of Spain to feel it the way I do, or as a Spaniard does. Two days before this burning in Espot I was in the Enchanted Mountains, some eight miles above the village, camping on a bluff above the Lake of St. Maurici; two cowherds were the only Spanish companions I had—illiterate men, therefore having unadulterated imaginations, authentic Spaniards.

"What is happening below on the plains?" I asked them.

"Oh, it is an affair of captains and princes," one of the cowherds said.

"And the bishops."

"Ah, the bishops are a hard folk, and valiant."

In that scrap of conversation you have the whole of old Spain. "Captains and princes." He knew, of course, that Spain was a republic, but the ancient formula still served to describe this confused battle of classes. And the bishops he was describing were not, I think, the discreet and apologetic gentlemen one meets in England (or the U.S.A. I suppose). You've got to get a legendary feeling into your

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imagination to grasp the quality of these events. In a sense, simply because it is a history of stark passion, it is above passion, or the passions are taken for granted and so not greeted with amazement, that contemporary and childish exacerbation of natural curiosity. There is a sense of Fate, or better put, of the Inevitable, about Spain at all times, and it is that which makes this war so grim, it is something which reason cannot modify nor sentiment ameliorate. Would you sigh for an aspidistra when the pine forest is ablaze?

I watch these men, at night, sitting around a wood fire behind their barricade, weary with long vigilance. I feel subtly that at the very bottom of anarchism is the belief that anarchism is impossible, that it is noble, just and beautiful, but unrealizable. That is the Fate tradition again. I think it is the profound sense of tragedy which anarchism possesses that makes its followers so utterly desperate in their courage.

And when, on that Sunday morning, the Barcelona rebels marched out of their barracks against a sleeping population, they were met by hordes of workers, the *mob,* half-dressed, unarmed or badly armed, called out of their houses by some strange insurrectional telepathy. The military opened fire with rifles, machine guns and artillery and that *mob* charged them with knives, sticks, stones, little automatic pistols and here and there a rifle. Or charged them with nothing at all but fists and teeth; and wiped them out.

Make this drama for yourself. The Paseo de Colón is a long avenue of date palms on one side of which are the dock warehouses and the railway serving them. On the other, shops, ship-chandling and brokerage firms, public offices, the post office and the military headquarters. In front of the headquarters and firing down the long avenue is a garrison of about five hundred fully armed soldiers; about twelve machine guns, three or four pieces of artillery (the figure is disputed) of between three and four-inch caliber. The charge begins well down the avenue, the workers are creeping along inside the walls that shut off the railway from the avenue, firing through the railings. A few run along the warehouse roofs, one falls shot dead onto a wagon of tallow barrels. Suddenly the workers burst through a drive-in and emerge among the palms. All the machine guns, rifles *and artillery* open fire, at once. The crowd goes roaring up the avenue, hundreds falling, the shells tearing lanes through them, bullets slashing the trunks of palms, smashing windows and chipping stone as the machine guns spray.

They reach the military lines and unarmed men leap on the gunners, wrestle with them, strangle them, drag them to the ground and stab them with knives. Men dive at the machine guns like football players and upset them with their hands, kicking, cursing and tearing with nails, hammering out the brains of soldiers with lumps of paving stone. The soldiers break, but before they can withdraw, groups of workers drag the artillery round and at ten yards' range a shell smashes the headquarters gate. Others, not knowing how to aim, send their shells flying high into the façade, smashing a pillar, blowing in a cornice. The mob pours into the barracks with captured arms; a docker and his mate carrying a machine gun, stagger up the stairs, firing from the chest. In another wing armed soldiers are trapped in a room and four workers blaze at them from the open, splintering door; the two survivors race along the corridor and open fire with a machine gun, across the quadrangle.

By two of the afternoon, with perhaps twelve hundred killed and wounded, the city is quiet, in the hands of the workers. By three o'clock a score of black columns would tell which side has won if one did not know. Only the churches of architectural value remain in Barcelona; certainly Santa Maria del Pino is damaged beyond repair (I should think), but bullets came out of that church. The Augustinian convent, too, and four monks dead, but that had to be taken at the charge, against the rifle fire of its military guests. The classical refrain in Barcelona, anyway, is "The pity is not that there should be a convent, or four monks less, but that there were once so many."

It is the legendary, heroic quality of this struggle that I am trying to make clear, not its violence. Its suddenness, sharpness and decisiveness (for Barcelona is tranquil enough now) is alien to your Saxon minds. But here in Cataluña we expect these things; one boasts a little, one insults the defeated enemy with classical rhetoric, one celebrates quietly in the streets; but, of course, there *was* nothing else to do but to get out of bed, drag on your trousers, tell the wife to fill up the spare cartridge magazine and rush out, in all probability to die; or if to kill, then fiendishly, without quarter.

Why then does the burning of a few churches seem strange, or, perhaps a staggering question, why does it seem irreligious? I have said in "The Olive Field" that the psychology of anarchism is religious. Its tragic courage, its total selflessness, its sense of drama, its worship of action, its fanatical belief in the Myth (for that is even the term such theorists as Sorel employ), its *burning,* I say burning, mystical love for its leaders, its unquestioning obedience, its subtle and amazing intuition, all this, it is evident, discloses anarchism to be a religion. Does one live like that for a wage increase? Does a man leap at discharging cannon for improved lavatory facilities?

The spirituality of the average priest, it seems to Compañero Sagasta, is a vulgar materialism beside his white mysticism; it seems still less beside the love of his followers for Sagasta.

But there are other aspects of church burning, it will be said. There are, but I shall only write about the aspects a Spaniard will observe.

The church I described in "Lean Men," that church which by some celestial economy has been

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dedicated to two saints, St. Pastor and St. Just, is one of the oldest churches in Barcelona. In front of it a cobbled square, a massive stone fountain in one corner draped with creeper and ferns, two stone bollards protecting it from the approach of horses. On the wall beside the steps of St. Pastor and St. Just is a notice, a command of the City Council, forbidding public excretion in that corner, which serves only to indicate the most convenient spot. Around St. Peter and St. Just the streets are narrow and dark; tall houses shut out the light and one could leap from balcony to balcony across the streets. It is a beautiful place, and an easy one to attack.

In its beauty, you say, it would seem to be a church made for burning; yet it stands intact. From its roof the enemy can command no streets with his troops, they are too narrow; the houses are tall enough to give us the same advantage as he himself possesses. St. Just, therefore, has *never* been the center of fighting; there is no tradition of struggle at this spot, our feet do not turn themselves that way by instinct when rifle fire is heard.

And again, anarchism makes great play with the word "culture"—no, get inside anarchism! We live miserably on thirty-five pesetas a week, find no woman to love us the way a man should be loved, with body and mind; they are dominated by the Church so that we are driven to the brothel, or marry in despair; we live in filth, we starve, we are despised, our masters are contemptuous. Then comes the spiritualizing doctrine, the fatal dream; through struggle, and culture, if only it were possible, we could be free! We crowd the Montjuich concert hall to hear Casals and his orchestra because the first revolution has given us cheap music. Perhaps we can go on! We buy little pamphlets, second-hand books, we hear lectures on art. Architecture is one of the arts, and St. Just is a fine church; so that, if some reckless barbarian, profiting by a back alley, sets fire to the vestry door, we call to our compañeros and extinguish the fire. There is the back door of St. Just to prove it!

There is the cathedral, its 60,000,000 pesetas of Christ's penniless apostles hidden within it. (Since found, September 2.) The Church protects and fosters art and so you condemn burning; I have never been in New York: but go into the nearest Catholic church and write to me as truthfully as I have written to you. Or come here and climb to our museum on Montjuich and see in what state the Church has kept its lovely primitive paintings, or its frontals, its things of ritual. Or march to Toledo on foot, across that blinding plain as I have done, to see the Grecos, and perceive how this Church has preserved art. There goes a lorry, Compañero Sagasta on guard over filthy, dusty treasure from the lightless cathedral, en route to the museums.

And note with what courtesy the churches have been burnt! One would have thought that the flanking houses would have been destroyed also (for many of them form part of a street, having no isolating space round them). That is not the case. Compañero Sagasta knocks at the doors of the neighboring houses, the concierge comes out, with no fear. "A good evening to you, Compañero."

"Have the goodness to request your folk to come out, we're going to burn the church; and may you have good evenings."

"Very well, give us ten minutes, Compañero." Perhaps Compañero Sagasta sends for a fire brigade and tells them to stand by; then, finally the petrol cans are poured on the piled up benches, chairs, saints and vestments. By and by the roof falls in and the flames die down. At last the two hundred compañeros who have been protecting the houses go home, or look for another church, or man the barricades. Tomorrow they will go off to Zaragoza, to hold hot rifles in quivering fields. There is no frenzy, no ill temper, there are no speeches, no yelling hordes; with great care not to frighten Señora Fuster or damage her house, Compañero Sagasta courteously burns down a church; with the same courtesy you Americans use in lynching a black temple of the Holy Ghost.

But *why* this antagonism in the first place? I am barely patient enough to answer you. Here, the first two books on my shelves, "1680, the Authentic Relation of the Auto-da-Fè celebrated in the plaza . . . at Madrid. Nihil Obstat, Imprimatur." And here the New Catechism, dated 1914, in its fourteenth edition, published here in Barcelona by a man I knew, a book that was in every church.

Question. What sin is committed by those who vote liberal?

Answer. Usually, mortal sin.

There, on that cinder heap is a charred picture of the hell to which mortal sin condemns you, or your frightened wife. The street is brighter, purer, it seems to Compañero Sagasta and to me when the church is burned down. Perhaps now we may argue reasonably with our women.

Enough of that, all men know it. The Archbishop of Burgos, is he not on the fascist committee in Portugal? Safe, while the dregs of Mohammedanism defend Christ's Immaculate Bride with rape and death and lead and fire. Before me is a photograph of six men crucified like Christ the Lord, and burned with fires at their feet. Perhaps Compañero Sagasta is among them.

If we find 12,000,000 pesetas in Málaga Cathedral, if we relieve the Bishop of Jaen's escaping sister of 1,500,000 pesetas, if we discover 10,000,000 pesetas in Vich (although of the hundreds we killed just one priest), if we unearth 60,000,000 pesetas in Barcelona sacristy, if we acquire 8,000,000 pesetas from the Jesuits, if we rob His Church, the church of one who had nowhere to lay His head, of silver and gold, if we give our bread, and our children's bread, Compañero Americano, will you *sell* us rifles? Italian aircraft, from Peter's Rome, roar overhead.

RALPH BATES.

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How They Are Voting: III

WE PUBLISH below a continuation of the letters from well known Americans who have in general taken a progressive political position, stating for whom they will vote.

The score now stands: Roosevelt, 44; Thomas, 8; Browder, 3; Landon, 1; Lemke, none.

This week's group of letters includes communications from three college professors. Messrs. Llewellyn, Ross and Schuman are of the faculties of Columbia, Wisconsin and Chicago respectively. There are three authors, Mr. Lundberg who wrote "Imperial Hearst," Mr. MacLeish, the poet, who is also one of the editors of Fortune, and Mr. Sandburg, poet and biographer of Lincoln. Mr. McAndrew was formerly superintendent of schools in Chicago; Mr. Libby is associated with the National Council for Prevention of War; Mr. Nathan is the dramatic critic; Mr. Person is a consulting engineer; Mr. Puner is a New York attorney associated with the American Civil Liberties Union and Father Ryan is director of the Catholic Social Welfare Council.

My residence is in the District of Columbia and I am consequently disfranchised.

You doubtless are aware of the fact that the peace movement is becoming politically conscious. Our slogans are "Put Peace Above Party" and "Say Peace with Votes." Several from our staff including myself were members of the delegation from the National Peace Conference at both major party conventions lobbying for our planks which our organization had previously sent with an accompanying letter to all the delegates. The Republican Convention turned us down pretty flat. The Democratic Convention adopted in substance five and a half of the six planks of the National Council for Prevention of War. We have urged Governor Landon to fill the gaps in his platform and to interpret some of the provisions in specific terms. He has not yet done so.

President Roosevelt was specific in his Chautauqua speech and while he extended the Democratic plank on national defense dangerously to include the defense of our "neighborhood," thus justifying an unlimited navy, and, as in the past, gave scant treatment to international justice with apparent support of the status quo, nevertheless the speech was on the whole a strong bid for the "peace vote."

The liberal advisers of Governor Landon have been urging him to do likewise. His platform does not even mention neutrality, for example, nor has he used the word in any of his speeches or statements. . . . Yet his specific plans for keeping us out of war are more important than any domestic issue; for if our government blunders into war the whole domestic program will obviously be wrecked. . . .

I am profoundly dissatisfied with President Roosevelt's naval program and regard our policy towards Japan of pressure diplomacy as either dangerous or futile, and probably both. Yet unless Governor Landon sides with the liberal Republicans as against the reactionaries who are supporting him, I should unquestionably support Roosevelt rather than Landon on the basis of the above consideration.

FREDERICK J. LIBBY.

I shall vote for Roosevelt. I shall vote for him because I see no chance, apart from Roosevelt, of getting *anything* done during the next four years which I consider it necessary to get done.

I don't vote for him expecting to see much done; on the other hand I think there is some hope that, with the campaign over, he may settle down to a somewhat more coherent line of policy. One major factor in my wish to see him President again is the probability of new appointments to the Supreme Court during the next four years.

KARL N. LLEWELLYN.

My choice is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Because his administration has gone farther than any in our history toward recognizing the social obligation of the government and in implementing its recognition by concrete acts of benefit to wide groups of citizens, and because his administration has gone as far with social and economic rehabilitation as support from the people would warrant. Apparently quite free of predetermined, untested dogma and as free as the conditions of American society would permit of subserviency to special interests, the administration has reflected with great fidelity the aspirations of the articulate and conscious strata of the people. Considering the disorganized state of mind of America in 1932-33 this is more than the people had a right to expect. . . . When one recalls previous administrations since McKinley, the present administration seems, relatively, like Utopia. There is no plausible alternative to Roosevelt. FERDINAND LUNDBERG.

I shall vote for Roosevelt. Two reasons: (1) The only way to vote against the owners of the Republican Party is to vote for Roosevelt. Any other vote, realistically considered, is for them; (2) the one reason for hoping for Roosevelt's defeat—that his defeat would probably forward the Farmer-Labor Party in 1940—leaves out of consideration the most vital matter of all: the next four years.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

Of the present platforms the Socialist most nearly declares what seems to me the proper doctrine. In the coming election the victor will be a Democrat or a Republican. Therefore I expect to vote for Mr. Roosevelt.

WILLIAM MCANDREW.

My choice is Roosevelt. My reasons are these: his hands-off European policy; his determination to build up a full and powerful national defense; his belief in the necessary modification of the old democratic form of government; his forthright courage in the face of criticism, most of it

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dated Tory; his democratic talent for leadership. His waste of money is often deplorable, particularly in such directions as the W.P.A., but two more years will doubtless induce in him a greater economic modesty.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

I shall vote for Roosevelt and Garner for the following reasons: the choice lies between the Democratic and Republican candidates, the other parties being at present only educational forces and without prospect of acquiring at this critical time a position of responsible direction of national affairs; the Roosevelt administration, while it has done specific things with which I do not agree, has many noteworthy achievements to its credit and especially is forward-looking in its effort to effect those industrial, political and social readjustments necessary to avoid economic and social breakdown and consequent reorganization along lines of fascism or communism; the Republican opposition has not given evidence that it perceives the fundamental nature of our problems, is not forward-looking, would undertake reforms with reluctance and apparently for political effect only, and probably with provisions that would neutralize achievement of nominal objectives, and would dam up forces for readjustment that would later break through with disastrous consequences. HARLOW S. PERSON.

I have decided to vote for Roosevelt. Roosevelt hasn't done the job he could have done. Through all the threatened drive for gag legislation he remained strangely silent for a man of liberal pretensions. Nevertheless, his administration has given the labor movement opportunities for organization and to a certain extent it has availed itself of them. The recent growth of an American labor party is a drive which would, I am confident, be quickly crushed by Landon if his record and his acceptance of William Randolph Hearst are any criteria. The threat of Hearst in, near or about the White House is something that sends shivers down my spine. SAMUEL PAUL PUNER.

I shall vote for Roosevelt in November. I have no confidence whatever in the men who are now operating the national Republican Party. E. A. Ross.

Being a citizen of the District of Columbia, I do not possess the electoral franchise. If I had a vote, it would go to Roosevelt for two reasons. The general reason is that the Roosevelt policies and program consistently aim at a large measure of social justice. The particular reason is found in the method by which Roosevelt has dealt with, and will continue to deal with, unemployment, namely, legislation for minimum wages and a shorter work day, through a constitutional amendment, if necessary. The Republican platform has no definite proposal for social justice, except those planks which are a sickly imitation of the New Deal. As interpreted by the presidential candidate, the Republican remedy for unemployment is substantially a return to laissez-faire and "unshackled initiative and enterprise." RT. REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

I shall vote in November for Roosevelt—and for a long time have had no hesitations or reservations on the point that he is a momentous historic character more thoroughly aware of what he is doing and where he is going than most of the commentators. S.E.C., T.V.A., N.L.R.B. and much else deserve continuation. Against the claim that for the first time class hate has been preached from the White House may be set the counterclaim that for the first time in American history a President has openly approved in principle and as a practice collective bargaining between the owners and the workers of industry. As a political independent, at present attached to no party, a non-partisan observer, I have been surprised at the record of substantial accomplishments in working measures, at the pettiness of the corruptions in contrast with the immense moneys spent, at the human spirit of the administration which has permitted such sway to Ickes, Wallace, Tugwell, Perkins, Hopkins. What the underlying and dominant economic streams of the time are shaping now and are to dictate in the future, only historians decades hence can tell. In the present national chaos and international entanglements, considering the amount of combustibles lying loose every way for Sunday, I'll take Roosevelt. CARL SANDBURG.

I am planning to cast my ballot in November for President Franklin D. Roosevelt. In a period of general insecurity, intolerance and actual or prospective political and social violence throughout the world, I feel that the preservation of the liberal virtues of open-mindedness, moderation and pragmatic experimentalism is of supreme importance. These virtues are best represented by the Roosevelt administration. They have led to much blundering and muddling, as opportunism always does, and they have contributed, perhaps dangerously, to undermining the morale of large business interests throughout the country. But I am hopeful that a second Roosevelt administration will discard what is unworkable in the New Deal, develop further what is promising and perhaps evolve a program of social and economic reconstruction that will afford a maximum degree of security to all sections of our society.

The Republican leadership at present offers no comparable hope, since it is in considerable measure dominated by monopolistic business groups, by reactionary elements in the American Legion and by the interests and attitudes symbolized by Mr. Hearst. A Landon administration would, in my judgment, increase the deprivations and insecurities of workers, farmers and lower-middle-class groups to the temporary advantage of the industrial and financial elite with ultimate results as disastrous to that elite itself as to other classes. From such a situation an indigenous American fascism might well develop. As for the minor-party candidates—quite apart from the merits of their programs—a large vote for any or all of them at this juncture could have no result save that of increasing general instability and uncertainty and of rendering more difficult of achievement that mass support of a moderate and consistent public policy which is the prerequisite of democracy. A decisive Democratic victory seems to me to offer the best promise of preserving the ideals of liberalism in America, of contributing toward the development of a liberal social and economic program and of promoting the liberalization of the Republican Party as well.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

(To be continued.)

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Washington Notes

The Republican Campaign Crisis—Mr. Landon as John Alden—New Republican Strategy—Big Business Coerces Its Workers

APPARENTLY affairs in Republican national headquarters at Chicago reached a crisis last week. The Republican leaders had to admit to themselves that their campaign plan, drafted last July with the expert help of Mr. Hill Blackett, Chicago's advertising prodigy, was not functioning. According to Mr. Blackett's plan, July, August and September were to be used for breaking down consumer sales-resistance. Week after week, Mr. Landon was to be portrayed as the story-book American—the prairie settler, the covered-wagon driver, the pal of the buffalo and scourge of the skulking Pawnee. He was to be Landon the Jayhawker, and John Brown of Osawatomie's little nephew. In a hundred artful ways, the citizen was to be led into believing that, in voting Republican, he was voting for Henry Ford's museum of America. Simultaneously, it was to be insinuated that Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal were something alien—something that an efficient immigration service would have detained at Ellis Island. Then, on October 1, the active Republican campaign would burst forth, and sweep the nation.

Last week October 1 arrived, and the giant intellects managing the Republican campaign were face to face with the fact that Mr. Blackett's endeavors, costing upwards of $1,000,000, had sold no goods. Mr. Roosevelt had not been placed on the defensive. No tide of Landon sentiment was flowing up the electoral beach. Careful checks of consumer reactions indicated that a majority of voters believed Mr. Landon was Mr. Hoover repackaged, and that their unfortunate prejudice against Mr. Hoover was still strong. With only four and a half weeks remaining until election day, the horrid suspicion permeated Chicago headquarters that the Republican campaign had flopped.

Last week the same suspicion seems to have run snakelike through Wall Street and the office of the National Association of Manufacturers. Immediately after the Cleveland convention, big business had high hopes of Mr. Landon. It had been told that Mr. Roosevelt was losing in popularity, which was true. It had been told that, while Mr. Landon himself was not much, he was going to be promoted by a new kind of political campaign that would apply the most modern techniques of mass distribution. According to report, certain big-business men were surprised when their candidate at once retreated to Estes Park to throw snowballs, but they were reminded that this was the new strategy. The candidate was not to be brought forward until the proper mood of receptiveness had first been created among the voters. August wore on, Mr. Landon did nothing and Mr. Roosevelt's popularity, instead of receding further, visibly advanced. Big business began to grow jumpy. Landon's trip to Pennsylvania and New York, and his later dash to Maine, brought only momentary comfort. Last week, as nearly as I can find out, big business was ready to write Mr. Landon off as an experiment that had failed.

According to report, two men, chiefly, have tried to rally the shattered Republican ranks, Mr. William B. Bell, president of American Cyanamid and now treasurer of the Republican National Committee, and Mr. Landon himself. Mr. Bell is a complete amateur in national politics, but he appears to be displaying the ruthlessness and drive commonly associated with big business, but which big-business men often lack. Fifty-seven years old, goat-bearded, a Pennsylvania Quaker, he is noted for the passion with which he insists on victory in whatever he undertakes.

It is no secret that Mr. Landon, for many weeks, was allowed to say very little about the management of his campaign. Suggestions that emanated from Topeka, according to report, were coolly ignored by Chicago, and relations between the two camps showed signs of strain. After the vast lack of popular enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Landon's first trip East, and his West Middlesex, Chautauqua and Buffalo speeches, this ill feeling tended to increase, with Mr. Landon blaming Chicago and Chicago reciprocating. On the Maine trip Mr. Landon apparently learned for the first time how little the Chicago headquarters had really accomplished. He also learned of the doubtfulness of his own election. He seems now to have taken the position that, if he is to commit political suicide, he ought at least be permitted to approve the gory details.

Within the last few days, I am informed, the Republican program has been drastically revamped. Mr. Blackett's scientific molding of the nation's subconscious mind will continue, but without further hope being placed in it. Instead, the full energy of Republican headquarters will be thrown into winning and holding the five big-population states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, by the most old-fashioned and severely practical methods. Primarily this means by reselling the big-business men of these states on Mr. Landon, and persuading them to provide election-day "expenses" and to exert pressure on their workers.

Reports reaching Washington via the C.I.O. indicate that coercion of workers in Pennsylvania by steel companies is being carried on widely. It is said that, in many steel towns, a worker's failure to wear a Landon button is taken by company officials as proof that the worker is "disloyal," and probably a secret member of the Amalgamated Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. Plant superintendents and straw bosses all wear Landon buttons, and allegedly pass them out to the men during working hours. A case has been reported where a company doctor, after an accident, first searched an injured man for his Landon button, and, when he failed to find it, said he would be unlikely to get his job back.

The Senatorial Committee on Elections had already made a preliminary inquiry into charges that workers have been coerced in the Pennsylvania plants of the Carnegie-Illinois and Jones and Laughlin steel companies. Apparently one of the great objectives of the new Republican strategy is to prevent this investigation from being carried further. Last week the Republicans executed what they seemed to regard as a smart trick. Republican Chairman Hamilton and Senator James J. Davis demanded that the Committee's chief agent, Mr. Louis R. Glavis, also make inquiries into allegations that W.P.A. workers are being intimidated by subordinate Democratic officials. Senator Davis produced an affidavit from a W.P.A. worker stating that he had been ordered to subscribe to a newspaper, "We, the People," owned by state W.P.A. Administrator Edward

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Jones, on pain of dismissal. It is to be hoped that the Committee will not be bluffed by the Republicans, and will push forward vigorously.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

A Three-and-a-Half-Year Nightmare—The Warren Gold Plan Flops—Morgenthau Takes a Bow

MR. HENRY MORGENTHAU, the President's brilliant Secretary of the Treasury, gives to young America an inspiring example of the fact that there is nothing one may not hope to get away with if one has the necessary brass.

On September 25, the French government announced its proposed devaluation of the franc. At the same time the American, French and British ministers made a gentlemen's agreement to move toward stabilization of their respective currencies and international exchange.

The news was delivered to us in this country, not by a dispatch from France, but by a statement from our Treasury Department, given out with great gusto. And the following day Mr. Morgenthau roused the newspapermen from their breakfasts to divulge the dramatic story of how he had saved the pound sterling from the attack of Russia.

The story came out in such a way as to create the impression that the entire incident was a fresh instance of Rooseveltian leadership. You felt that Roosevelt was the great protagonist of world currency stabilization, that somehow France had been the persistent enemy of this, that Roosevelt had forced the issue and then assumed the lead to protect not only American, but British and French currencies as well. This, said Mr. Morgenthau, "is the culmination of a three-and-a-half-year dream."

The plain truth is that this latest incident is not only not the realization of a three-and-a-half-year dream, but the formal abandonment of a three-and-a-half-year dream. The history is worth recalling if only to surprise you with the audacity of the Secretary's statement.

Everyone will recall that in the very beginning of his administration Mr. Roosevelt announced his determination to get prices up. He held with a weird fascination to the theory that the way to stimulate business was to get prices up. Great Britain had gone off the gold standard in Hoover's day. One object of this was to get prices down—that is, to stimulate her export trade by cheapening the pound and thus making prices of English goods to foreigners lower in terms of foreign money.

This had unsettled international exchange somewhat. And as the Roosevelt administration came in amid wild rumors of impending inflation, this tended further to unsettle the exchange markets. Then around August, 1933, Mr. Roosevelt sprang the gold-purchasing plan. Surely you have not forgotten Professor Warren and the famous Warren gold-price theory. The President adopted this theory. Briefly, as you will surely recall, the theory was that the purchasing power of the dollar was determined by its gold content. But gold fluctuates in value like any other commodity. This results in a constant fluctuation of the purchasing power of the dollar. This, of course, was the Fisher theory, and before him had been noted by Adam Smith. Therefore, to make the dollar stable in value, it is necessary to permit the gold content to fluctuate.

But of course if the gold content fluctuates the gold value of the dollar in international exchange will fluctuate. The President was here presented with a choice. He had to decide between the stability of the dollar in international exchange and its stability as a purchasing unit in domestic commerce. The President chose the latter. Thus he deliberately decided against currency stability in international exchange. In his bellicose message to the London Economic Conference opposing stabilization he said: "The sound internal economic system of a nation is a greater factor in its well-being than the price of its currency in changing terms of the currencies of other nations." You may be disposed to agree with this. That is not the point. The point is that the man who said this was taking a definite stand against stabilization.

When he finally embarked on the gold-purchase plan and the devaluation plan, foreshadowed in the London Conference message, he announced that his aim was to get prices up, that when he got them up "we shall seek to establish a dollar which will not change its purchasing power and debt-paying power during the succeeding generation." He added: "This is a policy, not an expedient."

After this no man could tell from day to day what the dollar would be worth. Its value stated in francs or pounds was different every month, though the values of francs and pounds with reference to each other were fairly stable. During 1933 and 1934 all the uncertainty in international exchange was introduced by the President "as a policy."

When in 1934 he got from Congress the power to fix the content of the dollar, he insisted on a range of 10 percent in gold value within which he could change from time to time. That is still the law. The whole plan as a debt-reducing and price-raising scheme was a howling failure. And one never hears much about it any more. Prices began to go up when the obvious device of increasing purchasing power by government expenditures was pushed and as a result of certain scarcity schemes which the President also fathered. But the whole gold plan was a grand flop.

However, flop or not, it was the President's plan and it was adopted with full knowledge by the President that it created uncertainty in international exchange. It is for this reason, therefore, that one opens one's eyes in amazement when the Secretary, doubtless acting under coaching from his adroit master, tells the world that stabilization of international currencies is the realization of a three-and-a-half-year dream of the administration. The willingness of the government to go into it now is a formal and definite abandonment of the President's scheme for raising prices by the Warren gold plan.

The defense of the pound sterling by the Secretary against an attack by Moscow was just a piece of comic horseplay by an unconscious comedian. The notion that the Russian government wanted to hamper France's effort to devalue, that it imagined it could buck the gold reserves of America, France and England in an exchange gamble, is worthy of the Secretary. In an exchange market where the normal sales of sterling amount to $100,000,000 a week, a transaction involving $5,000,000 was certainly not un-

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sual. However, little Henry has had his bit of clowning
the "Savior of the Pound." And with it we can now put
e great Roosevelt gold plan away in the moth balls.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

They Are a Funny Race

N "La Kermesse Héroique" the French have sent us a charming costume comedy and a good film. One rdly expected it. Over there they speak French nicely, hich no doubt gives them quite an edge, but for some time w they haven't seemed very bright about making pictures -always excepting René Clair. They have employed fine lid actors and put difficult, un-Hollywood stories into oduction, but out of the last two years I can't recall much yond "Crime et Châtiment," which had true (if uneven) wer and dramatic tone, and "La Maternelle," which was msy and foolish as a movie but beautiful for its camera dy of child life. This new Jacques Feyder picture is an tirely different matter, a mixture of gay absurdity and rewd comment, selecting its own pitch and holding it—medy, as you might say, self-contained. It is never so st and furious as our best comedies, but it has less of at centrifugal tendency to go flying to pieces any minute hich comes of too much speeding up, as by additional gags d specialty numbers. Its qualities are all of one piece; is almost a comfortable thing.

More than by anything else, it is probably held together its period and the settings that go into establishing the ling of this. I haven't much of an eye for anachronisms, I can only say that the seventeenth-century background med reasonably impeccable. But accuracy is a mathetical virtue, and there is a proper mood and natural air the life here, lovely and quaint in a sort of kidding way, t is literally beyond physics. Not only in the solidity of the ndred seemingly careless details but in the large exteriors, occasional camera sweep over the flat thrifty husbandry the landscape; not only in the wary burghers hiding firens in loaves of bread at the ovens but in the whole conption of the good chaplain and priest of the Inquisition And what damned traffic will you be up to with the se of this heretic?" he asks terribly as the dwarf piles nd volumes of Erasmus on the chair to bring him to the le's edge; and climbing down later, the dwarf: *"Hm, e ce sale Erasmus m'a brisé le cul!"*). The costumes are lly the thing though, merciless reproductions and always king not only as though they had been lived in (as I nk somebody has already said) but when need arises as ugh they hadn't been changed for at least forty-eight rs (and when the butcher is jogged awake in the early rning it is something you can almost smell).

The action covers some twenty hours in the bustling tidy of the town of Boom in Flanders, where the burgoster and aldermen were surely as splendid, fat and stuffy mayors and aldermen get to be, and naturally married. was the day of a special carnival *(la Kermesse);* but it took was a hell-for-leather messenger to say the Spanduke was on his way through with a squad of drums l a few pikes, and the fine merchants were practically ler the bed, leaving the women in charge, what fun. The n had planned to fake the death of the burgomaster, all of them mourning him under the bed, thus saving the town from pillage and rape. But the women, having their own sense of honor, went out to meet the duke with their own plans and best clothes, giving him the key to the town and making clear that if he and his lads didn't see what they wanted they should ask for it. So the town was saved from pillage all right.

There are many other matters, such as the inconsequential romance of the burgomaster's daughter and the town artist, but no need of going on with that. And while the soldiers of Spain were no pretty joke in the Dutch countries of 1616, the dark brawling packs of them, the story has nothing to do with history and the Treaty of Westphalia: time and setting are no more than the use of dim distance to rob facts of responsibility and actions of consequences, so that everything will be good harmless fun. Its purpose and outcome are farcical, but it is hardly a farce by treatment—more genuine and simply human. The burghers are extravagantly pompous and unequal to occasions, but the main study is that of Françoise Rosay as the burgomaster's wife, quite excellent and true. Wife and mother and busy mistress over the ramifications of household, the equal of any necessary husband, the fierce guardian of her growing girls; moving through the house with shrugs, tart speech and impulsive maternity—so he loves my pretty, eh, now go wipe your nose and no nonsense. And then when the duke comes she is just the perfect tremulous ninny of second girlhood, cutting out the town beauties like a veteran and the next minute sighing archly for life in Venice—ah! how Venice calls to her, with its leaning tower and all. . . .

Louis Jouvet's priest is one of the most perfect solemn and risible characters I remember, thought out and carried through, in every line of bearing and spoken or unspoken dialogue, with true and unique style—very hard to put a finger on, much less describe: Buster Keaton, shall we say, infinitely projected into depths of philosophy, benevolence, inviolable and holy composure.

The comedy is not one of continuous bright dialogue and it hasn't the wonderful cumulative slapstick of René Clair (the touches of the crashing bed canopy, the proud lady's pratfall, the headers down staircases, are good but not hilarious or in any way magic): it is rather a comedy of main characters in a single situation. It is all conceived and carried out very much like the part of the burgomaster, which is a fine study in how to get the ridiculous out of observed traits and human giveaways—burlesque, perhaps, but using a slapstick of the spirit. There is nothing in the picture that will have audiences actually in the aisles, but there is an open good will, a sort of invitation to share, which gets people feeling mellow and feeling that these are matters which might happen to everybody, all very droll, genial and common, with the enchantment (necessary though imperceptible) of one remove.

All of which reminds me that we should not overlook several Hollywood films of the last few months: "We Went to College," "Yours for the Asking" (though with George-on-a-Raft), "Sing, Baby, Sing," "Rhythm on the Range" and "My Man Godfrey." These comedies were in old forms, without too much distinction, yet pretty good fun and in places brilliant—"My Man Godfrey" being the best to come East since "Mr. Deeds."

OTIS FERGUSON.

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The Bandwagon

The refusal to let Browder speak in the South is no abridgement of the sacred right of free speech. To have let him come here and attack the great principles upon which the government is founded would have been a violation of that right.—*Editorial in The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.*

There is an erroneous idea that business men and bankers cause war. That is entirely untrue. All the masters of industry and finance ask from their governments is protection for their capital when they risk it in trade ventures that are for the good of the entire human race.—*Article by Frank J. Williams in The Dallas, Texas, News and other papers.*

Deprived by rain of the thrills incident to the 100-mile automobile race, 30,000 spectators at the state fair grounds yesterday afternoon were compensated in part by six accidents, five in the motorcycle events, and one in the automobile time trials.—*News item in The Syracuse, New York, Post Standard.*

Our founding fathers were not revolutionists.—*Mrs. William A. Becker, national regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, quoted in The San Diego, California, Sun.*

Our Get-Together-with-Yourselves Department

A visiting county chairman in Colorado said to his (Gov. Landon's) friends in the huge car: "I only met him once before and he called me Charlie."

"He called Gus Anderson by his first name, too," said another man.

"What do you know about that?" exclaimed a third. "He must have a good memory." . . .

It was found soon after Landon had said goodbye to his family and neighbors that a brief case in which were two of his speeches and his trunk keys had been left behind.—*Two items extracted from the same news article in The Chicago Tribune.*

What, No Single Tax?

The other day I was asked just what my politics are and I said, I am an Alabama-Georgia-Florida-Cracker, an Abraham Lincoln Republican, a Jeffersonian and Andrew Jackson Democrat, a Teddy Roosevelt American, a Woodrow Wilson thinker and scholar, a Bob La Follette progressive, a Huey Long lover of the poor people of this country and a Townsendite humanitarian. I believe that the Republican leadership of the country today and most of our Southern Democrats believe in this philosophy.—*Public statement by E. E. Callaway, Republican candidate for the Governor of Florida, in The Tampa Morning Tribune.*

I've Got a Feeling I'm Rising

We speak of "falling in love," but this is not the proper expression. When we are confronted with this consuming "fire," it should be an uplifting appeal, not a fall. We ought to say, "I have risen into love."

Such an exquisite experience should not be compared to a fall, even in a figurative sense.—*Bernarr Macfadden, in True Story Magazine.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

CORRESPONDENCE

Election Strategy and Advice

SIR: I am interested in your advice given in the campaign handbook that your readers might vote for left-wing candidates for President in those states which Roosevelt is certain to carry, and also in those which he has no chance of carrying.

It occurs to me that it might be worth while to publish a program which my wife and I are planning to follow. It has been our intention to vote for Roosevelt. We have two relatives in New York who intend to vote for Norman Thomas, and we are going to suggest to them that they should swap votes, they voting for Roosevelt in New York and we voting for Norman Thomas in California. Roosevelt will not need our votes in California and that is where the Norman Thomas and Earl Browder votes should be counted. Roosevelt, on the other hand, needs all the votes he can get in New York. If your readers would take up this idea and make arrangements with friends in other states, it might be possible to swing those votes in the doubtful states to Roosevelt, and in a very tight election this might be decisive. Somebody ought to start a vote exchange and put would-be traders in touch with one another.

But be sure and find some honest person, and don't swap but once!

Upton Sinclair.

Pasadena, Calif.

SIR: The suggestion of The New Republic that voters in states certain to go either for Landon or for Roosevelt vote for Thomas or Browder rather than Roosevelt seems dangerous to me. If the suggestion is intended to apply only to readers of The New Republic I admit that no harm and perhaps much good may be done. But if it is intended to apply to all liberal persons in states that are strongly Democratic or Republican it seems to me that many of the states now considered certain for Roosevelt may find themselves in November in the Republican column.

And among these states I would mention California. As a matter of fact I should like this letter to be considered a warning to the liberals in California who think that they may help the country most by voting for Thomas or Browder. I believe that they may help the United States and California most by voting for Roosevelt this November even though he may be considered in all honesty the lesser of two evils.

I believe that this is hardly the time to die for a cause that cannot win, if there ever is such a time. And while liberal votes in states certain to go for Landon may perhaps indulge their desire to reconcile the best course with the most expedient and vote for either the Socialist or the Communist candidate, strong Roosevelt states outside the South may be kept that way only if the majority of the voters support the President.

Ventura, Calif. Louise Davies.

The Socialist Policy Toward Banks

SIR: May I call your attention to a rather serious misstatement about the Socialist platform in your Voter's Handbook September 23?

In the middle of page 206, column two, is the heading "Money and Banking," and under this the words "Socialist.—No mention

Reference to page three of the Socialist platform for 1936, published by the Socialist Party's national executive committee, will disclose these words: "We propose the social ownership and dem

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cratic control of the BANKS, mines, railroads, the power industry and all key industries."

While, of course, I cannot speak for the Socialist Party of the U.S.A., I think it is entirely in order to ask that an adequate correction of this unfortunate error be made in your next issue. For your convenience, I enclose a marked copy of the Socialist platform.

Yellow Springs, O. DAVID W. SALLUME.

[The Socialist demand for social ownership and democratic control of all key industries is listed in our Voter's Handbook under "Regulation of Business." The heading under which Mr. Sallume looked, "Money and Banking," discussed the parties' attitude toward inflation, gold, government bonds, etc.—THE EDITORS.]

The Pennsylvania Language

SIR: If Mr. Malcolm Cowley were the true Pennsylvanian that he pretends to be he would never call a tree-chopper-down from the Keystone State a lumberjack. Woodsman is the word, and anybody that thinks different can go jump into the blue Juniata.

Wilmington, Del. JOSEPH COX.

[I never heard either word in Cambria County. People said, "He's working in the woods."—M. C.]

An Open Letter to the Republican National Committee

SIR: Your readers may be interested in a letter I have just written to the Republican National Committee.

Chicago, Ill. MILTON S. MAYER.

[ENCLOSURE]

Gentlemen: In this morning's mail, along with my Socialist Call and a final notice from the gas company, I received an envelope from you containing a Landon-Knox automobile sticker and an invitation to enclose $1 in a self-addressed envelope for a National Republican Committee Participation Certificate.

Gentlemen, what is the meaning of this? Are you mad? What makes you think I have an automobile? Where did you get my name? What would I be doing enclosing $1 in a self-addressed envelope to the Republican National Committee? What would my friends think? What would the gas company think?

Gentlemen, you jest, indeed you do. You, with your Rockefellers and your Morgans and your duPonts—what do you want with me? What do you want with my dollar? What would I be doing with a dollar? Do you know what I would be doing with a dollar? I would be curling my foot around the shiny brass rail of the neighborhood public house and inhaling ten beers, the while paying homage to Franklin Roosevelt's picture on the mirror behind the bar. *You* send *me* a dollar if you want me to vote for your Mr. Hamilton.

My friends—for I feel sure we are going to be friends after this little misunderstanding has blown over—I see on the back of your self-addressed envelope a large and lifelike representation of Abraham Lincoln. Don't you know, my friends, that a young man was thrown out of the Union League Club of Philadelphia in 1884 for merely *quoting* Lincoln on the Supreme Court? You must face these things, gentlemen. You must face them for your own good. I know they're not pleasant. Perhaps you can put Hannibal Hamlin on the rest of your envelopes.

Now listen to me. You gentlemen are men of the world. Most of you are in business. (How is business, by the way?) Would you squander your own money on a prospect like me? No, you would not. Why, then, are you squandering the taxpayers' money—the republican taxpayers' money—on this self-addressed envelope? It is folly, gentlemen, folly. It cries out to heaven.

Take me off your mailing list. Take me off, I say. Take me off before I write my congressman. Take me off before I invoke the due-process clause. Take me off before I have to rent P.O. Box T to accommodate your importunities.

Yrs. respy., &c.,

MILTON S. MAYER.

P.S. Do you know what I have a good mind to do? I have a good mind to seal up that return envelope empty and send it to you. That will cost you three cents under your First Class Permit No. 17320 Sec. 510 P.L. & R. Then where will you be?

M. S. M.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Channing S. Curtis writes from Chicago to express his disappointment with the editorial stand of The New Republic on the coming election, saying that if we had taken a radical stand in 1928, instead of choosing Alfred E. Smith, and pursued it consistently, it might have aided the consolidation of a "movement able to grapple with fundamentals with some promise of effectiveness."

The Inter-Professional Association, 130 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, sends us a news bulletin in which the issues of the present campaign are discussed.

Letters from James Dyett, Florence Mayne, Charles Steele and Will Everett take issue with T. R. B.'s description of the primary campaign in the state of Washington on several points, including the following: John C. Stevenson, whose election T. R. B. thought probable, was defeated owing to a splitting of the progressive vote among him, Otto A. Case, the Townsend candidate, and one H. G. Stevenson, an unknown; The Commonwealth Federation was not formed by people under the influence of Howard Scott, but by advocates of the Continental Committee's "Plan of Plenty," and the slogan "production for use" is part of an old Socialist one; Howard G. Costigan, the executive director of the Commonwealth Federation, however, has never been a Technocrat and leans toward Marxism; the conflicting ideologies of the Technocrats and the Marxists in the Federation have resulted in the resignation of the president, the vice-president and the state organizer, because they felt the policy had changed from one of "production for use" to a people's front against war and fascism.

The Southern California citrus strike has resulted in the sentencing of William Velarde, president of the Agricultural Workers' Union, and Joseph Espinoza, the organizer, to three months in jail on vagrancy charges, we are informed by Mr. Velarde. Appeals in these cases, and those of eight other men convicted on rioting charges with sentences of from eight months to one year, are being conducted by the Non-Partisan Labor Defense, 124 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles. Funds are urgently needed.

A conference of representatives from the League of the Physically Handicapped and the League for the Advancement of the Deaf with Colonel Somervell, the New York City Relief Administrator, has resulted, Sylvia Flexer writes us, in considerable improvement of the status of the physically handicapped on relief. Colonel Somervell agreed to the adoption of a minimum of seven percent of the assignments to the W.P.A. for the physically handicapped, this being the percentage of handicapped on the relief rolls, and to a reorganization of the bureau for the handicapped, giving it definite powers to deal with grievances and to place handicapped persons on the quota.

What's on the Air?

Harper Sibley, J. Edgar Hoover, Leopold Stokowski, Homer St. Gaudens, Eddie Cantor, Dr. Morris Fishbein and others on Y.M.C.A. Founder's Day Program. Sunday, October 11, 4:30 to 5 P. M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

Professor C. E. A. Winslow, director of the School of Public Health of Yale University, speaking on "Housing and Health." Tuesday, October 13, 3:45 P. M., C.B.S.

Consumers' program conducted by the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Tuesday, October 13, 4:45 to 5 P. M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association, discussing the European situation in a broadcast from Geneva, Switzerland. Sunday, October 18, 1:30 P. M., C.B.S.

Returns in The Literary Digest's presidential poll are broadcast by John B. Kennedy every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Two Murders; Project 891

Night Must Fall, by Emlyn Williams. Ethel Barrymore Theatre, September 28, 1936.

Horse Eats Hat, by Edwin Denby and Orson Welles, based on the comedy by Labiche. Maxine Elliott's Theatre, September 25, 1936.

THE COMBINED news that Mr. Emlyn Williams' "Night Must Fall" has had a year and seven months' run in London (it is still going, in fact, with a second company) and that it is a murder thriller, serves, I am afraid, to do the play harm, or so I should judge from the critical remarks I have seen. The complaint against it seems to be that as a thriller it fails in high horror, goes too slow, the audience is said to weary with monstrous anticipation, like Byron's old maids in the sacked city, who kept asking why don't the ravishing begin. I have not seen any too many thrillers and so am no expert on them; my opinion may be taken as lightly as you choose. But seeing "Night Must Fall," I should have gathered that the dramatist had quite different intentions from the mere horror, suspense and creeping spines that some of his critics recount. I got the idea that he had written what was considerably a character study so far as the hero went. And some of the other roles seemed to me not merely the usual pawns in a game, moved here and there for a toothsome solution, never meaning much else, never human beings but parasites on the tree of entertainment. I should think you throw away the play's possibilities when you take it too strictly on the horror basis and make the test of its progress an acceleration of shivers.

The usual theatre ethics for mystery pieces is not violated here by sketching the story, for the prologue by the Lord Chief Justice tells us in advance of the two premeditated murders and the hanging to follow. We are, therefore, to watch other matters besides the suspense in plot and are to concern ourselves not so much with guessing who did what as with following the dark miracles of character, personality and atmosphere. The story, as revealed in Mrs. Bramson's drawingroom, is that a Mrs. Chalfont has been murdered in the wood, buried in a rubbish heap, her head cut off. Dan, the page-boy from Tallboys nearby, has seduced—the word is too strong here, but biology is indelicate—a maid at Mrs. Bramson's. He is summoned only to end by being taken on as a servant. Besides the imaginary invalid, there is her niece Olivia, penniless, tied to this house she hates and unable to bring herself to accept the middle-aged suitor who constantly, like the hen in classic poetry, repeats his little song *(ripete il suo verso)*.

Mrs. Bramson, trusting no one, keeps a large sum of money locked in her safe; it is clear that eventually Dan will kill her for it. When the police are about to open the worn hatbox where, no doubt, the head of Mrs. Chalfont is secreted, Olivia claims the box as her father's; and in the end, when Mrs. Bramson has been smothered, she tries to shield the murderer; he declines to be thus obscured and goes off in handcuffs.

Some of the slowness of the play as murder thriller is not so slow as character drama. The preparation for Olivia's state of feeling is carefully done, all that house, boredom and sterility, that desert from which the green shoots go to one masterful and perverted egotism, and money bags are the sole breasts from which life may flow. And some of the seemingly mechanical suspension of the suspense is not so much that as it is the provision for the characters to turn round within themselves. In sum, Mr. Williams has injected into his play matters to think about that are quite above the visceral. His own performance in a role written for himself might be called obvious at times, a mechanical process all too evident. I myself felt this very slightly. He is the type of player that reminds you of one of the main problems in acting: how far should we be able to detect the craft going on in an actor's performance?

I did not think that Mr. Williams as a dramatist had always written his meanings with complete success, certainly not for the hero. The tendency of the present-day London stage to rely on words instead of on dramatic images and on acts, expressive, inclusive and final, is to be noted here and pondered; and in connection with that point the English novel also, in too much of which patter is apt to try to do the work of creation. Dame Whitty was admirable, her Mrs. Bramson very British in its sense of crankiness and central absurdity, technically expert, delightful with transitions of mood, a rounding out for the play's human comedy. Mr. Williams' writing of this part, and of that for the cook, makes for a fullness in "Night Must Fall" that—to return to thrillers—the usual horror mystery omits entirely. As the cook, Miss Doris Hare carries it off with the very best of British character acting.

The single setting provided for "Night Must Fall" seems curiously off. It may, or very likely may not, be the original London one, certainly it does not fit dramatically into the character of Mrs. Bramson, with her comforts and pampering of herself. We need wax flowers, stuffed birds and luxurious fussiness. In this play the setting has a complete role to perform.

Project 891 of the Federal Theatre is an entertainment that now and then revives the memory of the "Four Saints in Three Acts" venture of some seasons ago; though it is never so good in any respect, never so inventive, never so worth talking about. There are, however, divers corking moments, wild, floating, returning themes, movements, décor and exhilaration. The settings by Mr. Nat Karson are generous and sometimes very clever, almost a contribution to the season's design. Some of Mr. Paul Bowles's music is engaging, and in plenty of places you could not escape Mr. Virgil Thomson's orchestration. The impression of the whole teeming event is not so much vigorous as unceasing, however. I could not get over a sense of waste. At this point defenders of the general effect—of perhaps I should say the general production—of "Horse Eats Hat" no doubt would speak of "vitality." The answer is that, ironically enough, vitality appears in finality of form rather than in the chaotic, precisely as concentration rather than promiscuity is a sign of passionate force. Not rarely Mr. Orson Welles, as the father-in-law, is very good indeed, is excellent traditional grotesque. In spite of all the commotion and ranting in "Horse Eats Hat," there is only one convincing case of the recklessness that comes of genuine gayety: the Countess of Miss Sarah Burton—what a Countess! A dozen managers should be after her.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Ireland in Its Novels[1]

> How often have the Irish started to try and achieve something, and every time they have been crushed, politically and industrially! By consistent oppression they have been artificially converted into an utterly demoralized nation, and now fulfill the notorious function of supplying England, America, Australia, etc., with prostitutes, casual laborers, pimps, thieves, swindlers, beggars and other rabble.

THESE lines are quoted from a letter which Friedrich Engels wrote to Karl Marx in 1856, following a journey through certain portions of Ireland. They describe almost an entire epoch in the bitter and tragic history of the Irish people. They open like a vista upon the historic background out of which modern Irish literature has grown. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" comes immediately to mind. The bitterness that exudes from such a fine novel as Brinsley Macnamara's "The Valley of the Squinting Windows" is understandable as one of the poisoned outgrowths of Irish history. The anti-nationalistic revulsion to which Joyce's Stephen Dedalus gives expression falls into perspective. Even the literature of the Irish on foreign soils comes into clearer focus. Pat O'Mara's magnificent book "The Autobiography of a Liverpool Irish Slummy" becomes more than the story of one man's life, and one man's people. His characters reëmerge as part of that pathetic international rabble which age-long tyranny and oppression has flung into our own century.

A reflex of the condition which Engels summarized is to be found in the stage Irishman created in the popular literature of the last century by such men as Lever and Lover. Between a privileged group or class and an oppressed group or class, a set of conventions always develops as a guide to interclass and intergroup relations. In time, members of the privileged class will tend to identify these conventions, and the necessary habits they create, with the assumedly essential human nature of the oppressed class. They will then view the conduct that is canalized by these conventions as deriving, not from objective social relationships and situations, but from a myth called the fundamental characteristics of the members of the oppressed class or group. Hence the unreal Handy Andys, the servile and obsequious Paddys and Tighes. Such "characterizations" are a wish-fulfilment of what the English oppressors and their allies among the Irish upper classes would have liked the Irish to be. Any elements of truth behind such images were the products of the demoralization caused by terror, evictions, prisons and starvation. We have a parallel image in American popular writing, the stage Negro. At a later date, we can also trace connected variations of this development. Donn Byrne romanticized the fox-hunting gentry. A contemporary Irish writer, M. J. Farrell, has treated this social level in terms that reach silliness and banality.

Just as a disunified Germany produced a classical philosophy tending to compensate for a lack of material and national unity by striving toward a conception of spiritual unity that reached its apex in Hegel, so a disunified and oppressed Ireland has produced a literature of cultural nationalism and Gaelicized folklore. The fires of cultural nationalism which Standish O'Grady lighted with his sturdy and beautiful recreations from Irish mythology still burn. Cultural nationalism soon fused with the revolutionary movement. If Irish culture was to be free, then Ireland must attain its independence. It was through cultural nationalism that Padraic Pearse came to the Irish national revolution.

Pearse, along with James Connolly, was a leader in the abortive revolution of 1916. The story of this rebellion is now told for us in a brief but vivid and exciting narrative, "Easter Week," by Brian O'Neill. He is an Irish Communist who has been deeply influenced by James Connolly. A previous book of his, "The War for the Land in Ireland," can be taken as a companion volume to Connolly's "Labor in Ireland." Both constitute the basis for a Marxist analysis of Irish history. And unless such an analysis be made, Irish history becomes—in the words of James Connolly—"but a welter of unrelated facts, a hopeless chaos of sporadic outbreaks, treacheries, massacres, murders and purposeless warfare."

In "Easter Week," O'Neill describes how the two groups which joined in the Easter rebellion came together. The larger of these was the Irish Volunteers, typified by Pearse, the mystic poet and Gaelic scholar. The smaller was James Connolly's Citizen Army, an outgrowth of the famous Dublin transport strike led by Jim Larkin in 1913. While paying due tribute to the other martyred leaders, O'Neill makes it clear that the greatest historic role in the rebellion was played by James Connolly. At the outbreak of the War, Connolly adopted a position analogous to that of Lenin. Before the rebellion, he told his Citizen Army: "Being the lesser party, we join with our comrades of the Irish Volunteers. But hold your arms. If we succeed, those who are our comrades today we may be compelled to fight tomorrow." Free of Pearse's mysticism, he was the man most equipped to be the political and the military leader of the rebellion, and to drive on through to the logical conclusion of fighting for a socialist Ireland. Despite his final reconcilation with the Catholic Church (which O'Neill neglects to mention) he belongs to the revolutionary movement, and not to Rome. Almost all Irish atheists are Catholics in their last hour.

Brian O'Neill also deals with the essential causes of the defeat. Casement's expedition to land German arms failed. Eoin MacNeill betrayed his comrades by issuing countermanding orders to the Irish Volunteers, calling off their mobilization. The rural districts did not answer the call. The small band in Dublin was trapped, and forced to face an entire British army. They were heroes. But God was on the side of the biggest battalions. Connolly and Pearse, both wounded, surrendered in order to save their comrades from decimation. All of the leaders were executed. Ireland was again crushed. Karl Radek, from the Continent, criticized the revolt as a "Putsch." Lenin replied in defense of Connolly, describing Radek as "monstrously doctrinaire and pedantic." O'Neill's account of these events is excellent.

Connolly, Pearse and their comrades banged loudly on the doors of history. The Easter Rebellion was followed by the Black and Tan and the Civil Wars. New generations

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[1] Easter Week, by Brian O'Neill. New York: International Publishers. 103 pages. $.60.

Time to Kill, by Rearden Conner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Bird Alone, by Seán O'Faoláin. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

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of writers drew upon these struggles for their material. One of the younger novelists who have utilized these sources is Rearden Conner. Like Pearse, he is half-Irish and half-English. His father was a British secret-service man whom the Irish Republican Army assassinated. Conner's first novel, "Shake Hands with the Devil," was a tale of the horrors of the Black and Tan, and his entire emphasis was purely sensationalistic and melodramatic. The members of the I.R.A. whom he described were all treated as ignorant yokels, or else as pure terroristic demons. The hero was a prig. The height of fatuity in the book was reached when the hero suggested to a member of the I.R.A. that the Irish should, instead of landing arms at a certain spot on the coast line, turn that section into a tourist resort; they could then advertise for the English tourist trade.

Conner's new novel, "Time to Kill," is a story of the Irish slums set against the background of the depression. The principal figure, Timmy Morgan, is so driven and demoralized by unemployment and poverty that he becomes a maniacal terrorist murdering the rich, particularly those who consort with prostitutes. This novel can be described as an improvement upon its predecessor: however, one need go only a small distance to advance from zero. Conner's book has no roots in Irish life. It is commonplace as a story and the characters are stock. It is exceedingly bad Julian Green and William Faulkner with an Irish brogue.

All three of Seán O'Faoláin's books are rooted in Irish life. The first, "Midsummer Night Madness," was a collection of short stories of the Civil War. In these he displayed the technical mastery, evocative power, descriptive ability and sense of character that are so noticeable in his two subsequent works. Lenin somewhere quotes a Prussian general to the effect that a soldier on the battlefield does not pause to enjoy the beauties of the landscape. This comment can stand as a criticism of O'Faoláin's short stories. Most of his characters were fugitives "on the run"; reading about them, one often wondered whether the characters were speeding past the scenery, or whether the landscape was rushing past them. Frank O'Connor's "Guests of the Nation," dealing with similar subject matter, is a firmer and harder book merely because his fugitives are less interested in the loveliness of nature.

The novels of both Frank O'Connor and Seán O'Faoláin genuinely recreate an Irish world. The two writers complement one another. The characters in O'Connor's "The Saint and Mary Kate" live in the tenements of Cork. O'Faoláin's characters are several rungs higher on the economic ladder. Both writers have charm, the capacity to draw interesting and convincingly representative characters, descriptive talent, and the ability to render Anglo-Irish speech poetically. They also reveal the same kind of weakness. There is insufficient body to their novels. There is no underlying point of view around which the material is organized. They do not end stories conclusively. O'Faoláin's major book, "A Nest of Simple Folk," flows with Irish life. It is rich in characters and character vignettes. The hero, Leo Foxe-Donnel, is a Fenian whose career courses through representative aspects of the life of his times. For instance, the descriptions of the jails into which he is flung by the British read like concrete representations of those jails which caused the International Workingmen's Association to protest to the English government because of its mistreatment of Irish political prisoners. The very abortiveness of the insurrectionary attempts in which Donnel is involved is a reminder of how Ireland has tried so often to achieve something, only to be crushed. In this work, O'Faoláin utilized all his resources; he produced a landmark in the Irish novel.

"Bird Alone," his new book, is conceived in a minor key. It is the story of an old man remembering his youth and the tragic ending of his romantic love affair. After the death of his beloved, he became a bird alone. The theme is tenuous, and only O'Faoláin's technical skill and sense of character save the book from banality. The novel has value because of its many peripheral features. There is a portrait of an old Fenian, Phil Crone, who is cut to the pattern of Leo Foxe-Donnel. There are many sidelights on Parnell's times. Some of the most moving pages are those which describe the old Fenian after the death of the Chief. The spirit and the emotional mood of the novel are Catholic. The pattern of the story is such that this spirit and mood are not untrue to the material. However, they make us wonder about the author. As William Troy has pointed out, O'Faoláin himself seems to exist in a state of divided loyalties. He veers toward the spirit for which the Fenians stood; he retreats in the direction of Mother Church. He is permeated both with a sense of Irish life and with the proverbial Irish mists. The evocative moods which he establishes haunt one. But in this very power to haunt and evoke, he also softens. He seems to follow the line of least resistance, and to use his remarkable talents as a foil for his inconclusiveness. No Irish novelist since Joyce has possessed his skill; no Irish writer since Synge has rendered Irish speech as he does. And yet, he does not eat into the basis of one's consciousness as do Joyce and Synge and O'Casey. He is a fine writer. But he has shown none of the real strength of literary greatness.

"How often have the Irish started to try and achieve something, and every time they have been crushed, politically and industrially!" The historic epoch of which Engels spoke has gone; a new one has come, and the Irish people have still to loose their chains. One of their few compensations has been that out of their poverty and suffering, their defeats and dreams and aspirations, their most talented sons have created a literature that is both bitter and beautiful, a literature that extends continuously from Carleton and Standish O'Grady to the new generation of O'Connor and Seán O'Faoláin. JAMES T. FARRELL.

What Is Left of the League?

The League of Nations and the Rule of Law: 1918-1935, by Alfred Zimmern. New York: The Macmillan Company. 539 pages. $4.

HERE IS the latest—not the last, despite the gloomy prophecies of some annalists of the twilight of treaties—study of the League as an agency for promoting the "rule of law" in international society. The author's intimate knowledge of the field of which he writes—as an early architect of a Society of Nations, as an administrator within the League's orbit, as a lifelong student of history and of international relations—combined with a vigorous sense of the relevant and a rare felicity of style, would mark this volume, did not the time itself, as profoundly significant. For it illuminates the end of an epoch in the League's development, and suggests reflections not merely on the past but on the future.

Sir Alfred has divided his study into three main sections: not quite one-third of the volume is devoted to an account of the antecedents of the League; almost the same is given to the "elements" of the Covenant as he traces its formulation before, and at, Versailles; in about two hundred pages he describes the "working" of the League since 1920.

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The first two sections are a foil to the last. It is useful to have this background sketched again by the hand of a skillful and trenchant critic of "forces" as well as of "forms." For out of it he brings into relief not one League, but five. Or rather, five aspects of the League that are elements in the final unity of the whole. These five he calls the Concert System ("an improved and enlarged concert of the powers, using the method of the regular Conference"); the Monroe Doctrine System ("a reformed and universalized Monroe Doctrine [with] all-round mutual guaranties of territorial integrity and independence"); the Hague Conference System; the System of World Services ("for the carrying on of world services and the administration of world public utilities"); and the System of Hue and Cry ("against war as a matter of universal concern").

In the history of the League's first fifteen years, these five aspects of its function have suffered, in Sir Alfred's mind, from the lack of a "constitution," a "society"—in short, from the absence of an accepted "rule of law." As he analyzes the four periods into which he divides those years, the contrast is often made between existing international, and domestic, law-in-action. The former is "little more than a decorous name for the convenience of chancellories . . . an attorney's mantle artfully displayed on the shoulders of arbitrary power." It has provided, long before the birth of the League as well as since, no guarantee of the observance of a constitutional rule of law. In the mature national states (of which his own country is the explicit model), it is this very attribute which furnishes the amalgam of society—and the catalytic, if not the resolvent of rival and antagonistic forces. Without this sense of, and for, the rule of law in international society, the concert system will fail to guarantee a universalized Monroe Doctrine by any system of Hague Conferences or international Hue and Cry. Only in a "regrouping" of problems and their solution by the "appropriate techniques" (partly of the League, partly of the old diplomacy) does Sir Alfred find hope for the future.

Acute as is this analysis of the present discontents of the League, it gives rise to several queries. First, is the contrast between the consciousness of "community" in the domestic and in the international spheres so sharp as Sir Alfred makes it? Do the peoples within the different countries experience a real feeling of solidarity among themselves—in the face of growing economic, racial, social disharmonies? Recent events in England itself suggest that even there "community" is not so complete or universal an attitude as it once was. And as we move toward the ultra-violet of dictatorship in the spectrum of modern governments, it is doubtful whether the underlying causes of cleavage have been cured. Little wonder then that the same causes prove ineluctible in the area of international rivalries.

And, second, it may be asked whether the author has paid sufficient attention to the non-political activities and accomplishments of the League. Substantial if unobtrusive progress in genuine coöperation has been made in the fields of health, communications, economic collaboration and the like. Overshadowed by the more spectacular incidents in the clash of policies, these problems—a half century or less ago themselves considered hardly less intractable than some current "issues" charged with a high war potential—are today polarized centers of successful administrative experiment. Perhaps, unpalatable (and unnecessary) as it may be, it is out of these areas, where "community" has been achieved within a framework of the actual legal organization of international action, that the wider "rule of law" can alone grow.

PHILLIPS BRADLEY.

The Corporative State

Under the Axe of Fascism, by Gaetano Salvemini. New York: The Viking Press. 416 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK effectively punctures most of the claims made for Mussolini's labor policy by Italian and foreign apologists. It is at once a documented study of industrial conditions in Italy and a devastating exposure of the shallowness of those foreign writers who have parroted the handouts of the Fascist press. Although Mussolini proclaimed the corporative state in 1927, no corporation was actually set up (except for the stage) until 1934. Yet in the meantime Major Barnes, Dr. Paul Einzig and H. E. Goad published books in Great Britain which solemnly described these non-existent organizations as going concerns, while various American writers gave vent to panegyrics on corporativism. All this was almost equal to Nicholas Murray Butler's earlier discovery that before Mussolini took power six million Italians were without water to drink or with which to cleanse themselves.

Salvemini shows that the union officials who negotiate the collective agreements with the employers are middle-class youths who have been appointed from above by Mussolini and his associates, and he lists an impressive series of cases where they patently have failed to represent their constituents. He quotes a particularly damaging admission in the Corriere della Sera by Biagi, who was then a leading union official, that general wages had been cut three successive times between 1926 and 1932, amounting to a total of nearly 40 percent. To this should, of course, be added the more recent reductions.

The Fascists have been particularly proud of the care they provide for mothers and children, although the infant mortality rate is still 110 to the 1,000. Salvemini points out that very distinct beginnings had been made in this direction prior to fascism and that infant mortality was reduced by a larger proportion during the years 1911-22 than in the next eleven years.

The only socialization that has in practice been effected is that of losses. When the private firms make profits these, except for the usual taxes, are allowed to remain in individual hands. When heavy deficits are incurred the state comes to the aid of private industry. Mazuchelli, a Fascist financial expert, estimated that up to December, 1932, the government had paid out eight and a half billion lire as subsidies to firms that were in trouble. Since then the subsidies have increased. Since 1933 the central corporative committee has had the power to prohibit the construction of new factories and the further development of existing plants, and has frequently used this power to protect the owners of big industry from potential competition.

Professor Salvemini concludes that thus far fascism has been the tool of the big industrialists and landowners who put it in power to break up the radical labor and agrarian movements. He implies, however, that like many *condottieri* of old, the servants are now more or less independent of their masters because of their control over the militia and the agencies of propaganda and that the wealthy who fostered fascism may therefore soon be sorry that they did. This has of course happened frequently in Italian history, as the experience of the Visconti, who called the Sforzas into Milan to bolster up their power, well illustrates. But whether it will happen in modern Italy is still doubtful. If it does, it will furnish a further reason why the capitalists should think twice before they overthrow democracy in order to protect their economic position from the democratic forces of change.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

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The Best Campaign Textbook

A Program for Modern America, by Harry W. Laidler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 527 pages. $2.50.

DR. LAIDLER'S program resolves itself into some twenty clear and comprehensive surveys of the situation of this country and its future according to experts, in regard to the most important issues before us—child labor, unemployment and health insurance, collective bargaining, housing, railroads. Especially valuable are the chapters on agriculture, banking and taxation. Dr. Laidler's usual method is to present the subject historically, to outline legislation passed and proposed and to cite the view of the chief authorities and the experience of foreign countries. Today the conscientious citizen is overwhelmed by the number of books treating these subjects. Dr. Laidler has digested 127 of them as well as numerous articles from magazines and newspapers. He has shown acumen in noting such details as it behooves the reader to remember—as, for example, the exact record of the Supreme Court in relation to the Constitution, and the appalling story of violence in the field of civil liberties. In the present political campaign, which is being fought on obviously mixed issues and with phrases long since emptied of their meaning, it is more than ever the duty of the citizen to find out what he is voting for and to bring his influence to bear directly on public policy. Dr. Laidler has given valuable aid in the work of organizing and integrating our collective intelligence with reference to the choice before us.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Preface to Revolution

Seven Red Sundays, by Ramon Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. $2.50.

"SEVEN RED SUNDAYS" is a book written about a Spanish demonstration that police violence goaded into a general strike—six of the seven red Sundays are the days of the strike, the seventh is the day of rest, the victory to come in the near future—and the development from the strike into an uprising that failed yet was valuable to the workers as a further revelation of their power. It is a beautiful, jaunty, proud book, not only flavored with the courage of political revolution but filled, also, with spices of literary adventuring. The book nearest to "Seven Red Sundays" that I know of is E. E. Cummings' "The Enormous Room," which also presents people in conflict with an evil, organized society—some of them by mere chance—and which has a similar loving exaggeration of its characters and a similar impetuous and unreserved rhetoric. The flaws are fewer in the American poet's novel; but the range is wider and the implications deeper in that by the Spanish revolutionist.

There is a deliberate attempt in the novel to disregard formal construction, to avoid moral judgment and to forgo all political exposition.

As for formal construction, Sender, in his preface, says: "My book sometimes appears confused and loosely wrought. If the reader is of those who can see and grasp, he will admit that my method is logical, because chaos has its own logic." The reader need not be alarmed. The cloud of chaos does appear; but it is quickly dissipated in this sunny and orderly book. Not the "logic of chaos," but the logic of art, operating all through Sender's efforts at abandon, gives "Seven Red Sundays" a satisfying order. The violations are superficial. The book is an example of the work of an artist in spite of himself.

As for moral judgment, Sender disclaims it in his preface. "The only truth," he says, "the reality at which I aim in these pages, is the truth of living humanity displayed in the convulsions of a Spanish revolutionary episode." But here too Sender does more than he promises, and is a moralist in spite of himself. The book is a moving, impassioned and continuous affirmation of revolutionary values. It is true that in the tragedy of the beautiful bourgeois girl, Amparo, he has dealt, with the completest sympathy, with a non-revolutionary figure, and that he does not hesitate to show his revolutionists in moments of stupidity, arrogance and inadequacy. Yet it is clear from the first word that here is more than the cold virtue of understanding—here is comradeship itself for the men of the revolution.

As for political exposition, again he does in the book more than he knows, if we are to judge by his estimate in the preface: "In my view the anarcho-syndicalist phenomena are due to an excess of vitality in individuals and in masses, to a generosity and exuberance characteristic of overvitalized men and societies." The explanation of Spanish revolutionary action as the consequence of an "overvitalized society," whatever that may be, is shallow. The action in the book, however, shows not only the energy but the political consequences of anarcho-syndicalism, and the resistance to it of revolutionary fact. Revolutions are not made to discharge excess energy. In the course of this book itself, the inevitable "politicalization" of anarcho-syndicalism, and its entry into the Popular Front, were forecast.

The appearance of "Seven Red Sundays" is a welcome event chiefly for its own values as a work of unusual power, a self-justifying piece of contemporary literature; it is welcome, further, as a portrayal of the courage and devotion of the Spanish workers and intellectuals, and as an evidence of what the revolutionary spirit can rise to in literature.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Scotland Yard

The Story of Scotland Yard, by Sir Basil Thomson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 362 pages. $2.65.

SIR Basil Thomson, head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard from 1913 to 1921, has written a history of the Yard that should appeal equally to the layman and the student of crime. Much of his material will be new to readers, and his recounting of strikes, riots, dynamitings and criminal cases, dating from 1800, illuminates the development and gradual perfection of what is considered to be the most efficient police system in the world.

Until 1792 the city of London—an area of 700 square miles—theoretically had no paid police force. Such peace as was kept was maintained by ordinary citizens serving unpaid as constables for yearly terms—a good deal like our small-town volunteer fire departments. However, when Sir Henry Fielding was appointed Bow Street Magistrate in 1748, he found it necessary to institute a force of six men (later known as "the Bow Street Runners") at wages of 21 shillings a week and thus forecast London's metropolitan police. In 1829, the Home Secretary, Sir Robert Peel, succeeded in getting the metropolitan-police bill passed (it was bitterly fought on the ground that a militarized force

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vould interfere with personal freedom) and inaugurated he framework of the present system. The new force of oo men made its headquarters at Great Scotland Yard, ie site of a palace built during the reign of the Saxon ings for the reception of the kings of Scotland.

Sir Basil traces in detail the development of the metropolitan police from these small beginnings to its present rength of 20,000 men, and along the line he intersperses ll too brief accounts of Dr. Crippen, the Seddons, Mata Iari, George Joseph Smith (the "Brides in the Bath" murerer), Prince Fahmy, Vivian Messiter and others, including that tragic and much disputed Bywaters-Thompson case.

ELIZABETH HULING.

Books in Brief

Pretty Boy, by William Cunningham. New York: The anguard Press. $2.

ONE OF the most celebrated of all Oklahoma heroes is the late Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd, a bank bber. Oklahoma newspapers made a legendary character him while he was alive. Even though "true" detective agazines added to his myth, his fame was mostly local. e went about the state quite openly, unmolested by the w, attended by a certain awed respect which Oklahomans serve for outlaws and congressmen. Only when he was ill advised as to transfer his depredations to another ite was he shot down. "Pretty Boy's" funeral back in s home town was a great popular tribute, the like of nich Oklahoma has never given any other native son.

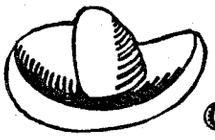
William Cunningham's biographical novel about "Pretty oy" follows the legend rather closely. It makes a fastoving yarn, full of gun play and chases, altogether as citing a novel about a country bank robber as the one . R. Burnett wrote about a Chicago gangster. Moreover has drawn some vivid, accurate pictures of life among e pellagra-ridden poor of Oklahoma. But his original ntribution to the "Pretty Boy" saga is that of making e forlorn bank robber a proletarian hero.

This is likely to leave unconvinced even those readers io are in absolute sympathy with the occasional social ictures the novelist has "Pretty Boy" reciting. Surely ere is no more altruism attached to an open-country ndit's distributing money among hill-billies to assure himf of a getaway than there is to a city gangster's renting apartment hideout or paying protection money. No, eeches on a better social order have a gratuitous sound, ning from the mouth of a paranoiac killer.

GEORGE MILBURN.

Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground, by Earle R. Fort. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 370 pages.

The pleasant valley in the Tonto basin of Arizona was scene of a feud as relentless as those in any Icelandic a, and it has become a legend in turn. Two novels, "To Last Man," by Zane Grey, and "The Man Killers," Dane Coolidge, give a romanticized version. When rle R. Forrest punched cattle in this section he found t the natives did not like to talk about it and, when they , they were inaccurate or inclined to exaggeration. He relentlessly traced down every shred of information has not discovered what caused the quarrel between Tewksbury and the Graham clans which caused more n thirty deaths between February, 1887, and August,



CREATING A NEW SOCIAL ORDER

In 1921 the new government in Mexico began one of the most dramatic and significant social experiments ever undertaken on a national scale: the education of its people. The enormous task of welding a population of diverse and mixed racial strains, largely illiterate, into a nation of enlightened citizens capable of governing themselves called for more than ordinary pedagogy. The story of this profound national awakening: the technique adopted, the problems met, the training of teachers and the building of a plant on a national scale, are studied in this sympathetic volume by an American educator working under a grant from the Julius Rosenwald Fund. In so doing, he presents the historical and cultural backgrounds that have made Mexico a focal point of world interest today. *Ill.* $2.75

MEXICO
A REVOLUTION BY EDUCATION
by GEORGE I. SÁNCHEZ
Foreword by Rafael Ramírez
The Viking Press, 18 E. 48th St., N.Y.C.

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1892, when Thomas H. Graham was shot from ambush. The Tewksbury family were outnumbered, but their Indian blood gave them a great advantage in irregular warfare. The author believes that the attempt to bring sheep into the Tonto basin was not the cause of the conflict, but a gesture of hostility. As in most wars, the neutrals suffered most, and one of the sorriest episodes was the hanging of three people who had no part in the feud. J. G.

Interval Ashore, by Horton Giddy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

This is the somewhat improbable story of a young British naval officer captured by the Red army during the Whites' evacuation of Odessa in the closing stages of the Revolution. Imprisoned at Kharkov, he escapes with a girl cadet of the White army and succeeds in trekking across country with her and reaching a British ship on the Sea of Azov. The story is told in the first person with a Hemingway style and climax: there is plenty of action from beginning to end, with prison life, cross-country marching and the eternal Anglo-Saxon sex problem all described in clipped detached sentences that run the book along at a good speed. Although the story does not always ring true, it is original and very entertaining. R. V.

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Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL is the author of numerous articles dealing with politics, economics and labor problems in The New Republic and other magazines. He lives in Washington, D. C.

JESSE STUART, who was born in W-Hollow, near Riverton, Kentucky, in 1907, doesn't know how many poems he has written. Seven hundred and three of his sonnets were included in "The Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow." A book of short stories, "Head o' W-Hollow," was recently published by E. P. Dutton.

RALPH BATES is a young English writer whose current novel "The Olive Field," as well as an earlier book, "Lean Men," deals with the revolutionary movement in Spain.

JAMES T. FARRELL'S most recent novel, "A World I Never Made," is being published this month by Vanguard. His long essay, "A Note on Literary Criticism," was published last spring. He is best known, of course, as the author of the Studs Lonigan trilogy.

PHILLIPS BRADLEY is a professor in the Department of History at Amherst and the author of "Can We Stay Out of War?" published last spring by W. W. Norton.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, is the author, among other books, of "The Problem of Unemployment," "Real Wages in the United States" and "The Theory of Wages."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of two volumes of verse and two novels. This year he is the holder of a Guggenheim Fellowship for the second time.

ELIZABETH HULING is a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic.

GEORGE MILBURN, author of "Catalogue" and "No More Trumpets," is the best known of the Oklahoma writers who describe their native state.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Joe Gould and Richard Vaughan.

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STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
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